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WAIT.

BY W. U. P.

Though ever, as ceaseless misfortune beat thee,
Thy parched heart be throbbing with failure and pain,
Wait, and the heavens that now seem to forget thee
Will send in due season the comforting rain.

Though loudly the Winter winds bluster dental,
The tears of the Spring time will make them relent;
And after the Summer of longing and trial
Will come the ripe whisper of Autumn's consent.

Wait, and the snow-flakes of daily endeavor,
That silently lie on the Alps of thy fate,
Will surely not slumber inactive for ever,
But wake, like the avalanche, if thou but wait.

Let the wild hope-wrecking billows of sorrow
Find thee a rock in Life's storm-troubled sea;
Wait through the night till the better to-morrow—
The calm and the sunshine are coming to thee!

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER I.

THE performance at the Frivolity Music Hall was in full swing. The magnificent place, with its exquisite decorations, its draperies of peach plush, its subdued glimmer of old gold and ivory-white, its soft toned electric lights, was filled with a crowd composed of fashion in its evening attire, and commonalty in its Sunday best. Through the streams of sensuous music came intermittently the buzz of talking, the ripple of laughter, the pop of champagne corks, and, ever and again, the loud applause of the delighted and light-hearted audience.

Superbly-dressed women sat in the luxuriously easy stalls, or promenaded in the grand balcony. A popular comedian was singing a comic song with the artistic finish which is imperiously demanded in these days, and, amidst a temporary silence, was listened to with rapt attention.

It was a scene of splendor, of gorgeous magnificence, which would have made our grand-fathers stare with amazement and incredulity; and the manager, as he moved to and fro, one eye upon the stage and one upon the audience, wore a smile of self-satisfaction and gratification.

It was no easy thing to "run" the Frivolity; no child's play to keep in order the immence audience, strung to a high pitch by the music, the wine, the atmosphere of wild excitement. As a spark falling on a bundle of cotton will set the whole cargo in a blaze, a word, a scream, a blow was often more than sufficient to transform the orderly, laughing crowd into a pandemonium—a shrieking, fighting mob, none the less wild and mad and reckless because of its evening dress, its silks and satins, its ornaments of gold and gems.

He looked round, sighed with satisfaction, lit his third cigar, and was about to turn into his private room for a few minutes of quiet and rest, when a waiter hurried towards him, and, touching him respectfully on the arm, said, in an anxious undertone—

"He's come, sir."

The manager's face changed and became overcast with an anxiety matching the waiter's, and he looked round and swore, as his eyes fell upon a group of men who were just entering the stalls.

At the head of the new arrivals was a young man whose appearance would have attracted attention and curiosity in any place, to say nothing of such a place as the Frivolity.

He was tall, superbly made, with the muscular development and spare frame of an athlete. His head, in shape and poise like that of a Greek statue, was set upon a straight columnar neck; his eyes, of a dark-brown hue, flashed with a daring, reckless gleam, now and again soft and dreamily and almost sadly, and as rapidly darkened with something like impatient scorn and weariness.

The face, the figure, the bearing of this young man would have marked him as something strange and worthy of note; but this was not all, for in singular incongruity with the grace which had a hint of the patrician, the strength which told of a reserved force, he was dressed after the fashion which is so much beloved by the common workman and the costermonger. He wore a suit of cords, with gaiters fastened with pearl buttons; a short, grey covert coat, which would have suited a groom, and a cloth cap. A scarlet silk neckcloth, with the ends hanging loose, took the place of a collar, and the rough cap was stuck carelessly on the short, crisp curls of dark-brown hair.

But for that indescribable air of breeding and command he might easily have been mistaken for one of the costermongers seated in the gallery up in the roof.

As he entered at the head of his friends and companions, the band in the orchestra craned over their instruments to look at him; the people in the stalls moved with swift curiosity and interest; the whole audience, indeed, seemed to stir and breathe with a sudden thrill of excitement.

As if he were quite unconscious of the effect his entrance had produced, he stood in the gangway, glanced at the popular comedian, who had palpably faltered in the easy, artistic swing of his song, looked carelessly round the house, nodded in response to one or two smiling and half-respectful, half satiric greetings, then dropped into a stall, and signed to a waiter.

The manager watched him with a suddenly pale face and furrowed brow.

"Is he all right?" he asked, anxiously, of the waiter who had warned him of the young man's presence.

"I—I think so, sir," was the reply. "He looks steady enough; but you never can tell."

"Go and see what he has ordered," said the manager.

The waiter hurried away, hovering about the group of young men, then came back.

"Whisky and soda, sir," he reported.

The manager sighed.

"He'll be all right if he sticks to that," he said. "Who are with him?"

"The usual lot, sir," said the waiter, running over some names. "I expect they've just come from the races. I heard them talking about his horse. It came in first, you know, sir."

The manager nodded.

"Send one of the hall keepers to me," he said.

One of the giants in uniform, known as the "chuckers" by the habitues of the Frivolity, came and saluted.

"He's here to night, Jenkins," said the agitated manager.

"Yes, sir; I seen him come in. 'Pears to be quite quiet to-night, sir."

"Appears to be! Yes; but that's the worst of it! You can never tell when he's going to break out. It comes like—like a flash of lightning. Keep your eye on him; but—but for heaven's sake don't go near him or let him see that you are watching him, or—or the devil will break loose at once."

"Trust me, sir," said the man, rather grimly. "I don't want to rile him. I've got the marks of him on my arm and shoulder at this minute. He's as strong as a horse, and got the science, too. If you don't take him at the first offset it's all up with you."

The manager sighed, and swore under his breath.

"I don't know what to do, that's a fact," he said, with something like a groan. "I suppose I'd better go and speak to him."

"Better not, perhaps, sir," said the man, with caution.

The manager compromised. Putting on his professional smile—the smile which is as well known at the Frivolity as the band or the popular comedian—he saunters, in a casual way, down the gangway of the stalls, and, as he came abreast of the young man, raised his hat, and nodded, with a nice mixture of the respectful and familiar.

But the little diplomatic "business" was thrown away upon its recipient. The young man was looking at the stage with absent, preoccupied eyes, in which there was nothing more wild and wicked than might have shone in a lamb's, and took no notice whatever of the manager's salute. One or two of the group, however, nodded and spoke.

"Full house, Gorton," said one, whose face was flushed and utterance rather thick. "Just in time for the ballet, arn't we? Where do you keep the beastly programmes, you stingy old wretch? Come and have a drink. Potifer has won, and we are all flush—for a wonder. Chorus!" he shouted, and began to sing the refrain.

The manager glanced at the young man in the costermonger clothes, anxiously.

"For heaven's sake, be quiet," he whispered, nervously. "Don't—don't rouse him! He's quiet enough at present, if you let him alone. Don't let us have a row to night, there's a good fellow."

The man he addressed glanced at the absent face and almost melancholy eyes of the young fellow, and laughed.

"Oh, he's quiet enough," he said, carelessly. "He always is when he wins. It's when he loses that he's bad. Just the reverse of the rest of us, eh? Heriot"—he leant across, and touched the young man on the shoulder—"here's Gorton in a funk, lest you should kick up a shine."

The young man scarcely moved a muscle, but a slight smile flickered, for a moment, on his lips.

"Let me alone," he said. The voice ought to have matched his dress, and been coarse and vulgar, but, on the contrary, it was musical, and, though low-pitched, was carried, like the ring of a bell, straight to the manager's ears.

"Yes; let him alone, for heaven's sake!" he said, and, with a still furrowed brow and anxious eye, he passed on.

The ballet—the great feature of the programme—commenced, and went on its gorgeous, glittering way, and the dazzled audience, delighted, blase as it was, had almost forgotten the man in the eccentric dress. He sat as silent and attentive as the rest—one gaitered, corduroyed leg crossed over the other, his head resting on his hand—a long, shapely hand, with the broad ring of plain gold, beloved of costermongers, on one of its fingers, his eyes half closed.

The manager and the hall-keeper, watching him from a distance, thought that he was asleep, and drew a breath of relief.

"Seems all right, sir," said the latter, in a whisper. "I'll get him in a hansom, directly the curtain's down. It's one of his quiet nights, I'm thinking, and we shan't have any trouble. Lor' bless yer, sir! there ain't a nicer gentleman in the audience than he is, when he's quiet."

"I know, confound him!" said the manager. "But keep your eye upon him. I do hate a row!"

"So do I, sir," said the hall-keeper, significantly.

The ballet was drawing to a close; some of the audience were preparing to leave—but not many, for the habitues of the Frivolity are in no hurry to quit—when, as if he were waking up, the young man sat erect, looked round for a moment, wearily, impatiently; then, as if addressing no one in particular, said, in a soft, musical voice—

"Is this a funeral or a doss-house? Waiter, some Pommery. Boys, give me a cigar. This ballet would drive a tombstone to tears."

The waiter hesitated, looking affrightedly round in the direction of the manager, then sped off, as if he had been shot from a catapult—for the young man had glanced at him, though not threateningly, but with quite a smile in his dark eyes.

The waiter, looking quite pale, brought the wine, and the young man listlessly took a glass, and drank it.

"I suppose Gorton makes this in his back office," he remarked, pleasantly. "It is not bad, but"—with critical deliberation—"if I were he I should put a leetle more gooseberry and a little less brown sugar. My compliments to Mr. Gorton, and tell him so, waiter."

The waiter hurried off. The young man stood up, with the glass in his hand; his friends gathered round him; some of the superbly dressed women approached, as if drawn by a magnet. More champagne was ordered and drunk. A buzz of talk and laughter rose from the group, which now completely disregarded the performance.

The manager, watching from afar, grew paler and more anxious.

"Get a hansom, Jenkins," he said to the hall-keeper. "Don't let anyone get in his way, and you keep out of his sight. Ah! here he comes!" And, as if he were announcing the approach of a mad bull, he drew himself together, and set his lips tightly.

But, as the young man, with leisurely, carelessly graceful gait, came toward him, he forced a smile on his face, and, raising his hat, said:

"Good evening, my lord. Hope you've had a pleasant evening?"

Lord Heriot Fayne—for this man, in the dress of a costermonger, was, if it please you, Viscount Averleigh, heir to the earldom of Averleigh—nodded with a slight smile.

"Good evening, Gorton. Very good show, but a little too noisy. One can't sleep with any comfort—and that's what we care for, eh?" He glanced round at his followers. "Ah, Jenkins! Hope I didn't hurt you the other night?" He nodded to the hall-keeper, and put something into his hand. "Get some lessons in boxing from a good man—a really decent man. Your guard's all wrong, Jenkins—utterly wrong, and I shall down you every time until you learn to better it."

"All right, my lord," said the hall-keeper, good-humoredly, and with a respectful touch of his hat. "Perhaps your lordship will kindly wait till I get them lessons."

Lord Fayne smiled.

"Oh, a child could play with him to-night," said one of his companions. "He's tired with winning other people's coin, and wants to go to bed early, so as to be in

time for Sunday-school to morrow. Did I order that champagne? All right; here, bring a glass for Lord Fayne."

The young man looked as if he were about to refuse, then, as if too lazy to meet the remonstrance his refusal would provoke, took the glass and drunk.

As he raised it to his lips, the glass door leading to the stalls opened slowly, and a gentleman looked into the now rapidly emptying auditorium.

He was a young man, tall and thin, and with the kind of face which one associates with intellect. It was pale and somewhat sharp, the eyes keen, the mouth not ill formed, but with the curve of repression and secretiveness. He looked from side to side in a quick yet covert manner, as if he were desirous of finding someone, without being detected in the act of searching, and he stood so that he could advance or retreat without attracting notice.

The keen, swift glance found the group, and settled for an instant on the central, conspicuous figure of Lord Fayne; a glance of satisfaction, of something deeper, and more malignant, shone in the cold intellectual eyes for an instant, then, as if he had dropped a mask over it, his face assumed the indifferent expression of a casual and uninterested observer. But the small white hand that fingered his chin with a softly restless and nervous movement, belied the mask of impassive indifference, the careless, listless pose, as he stood at the half-open door.

Lord Fayne finished his glass and sauntered on. In five minutes he would be outside. All would be well, and the manager would be at rest and peace. But, alas, so much can happen in five, three minutes!

As the group neared the door leading to the vast entrance hall, a man in evening dress, who had been dining not wisely, but too well, came blundering along one of the gangways exactly at right angles with Lord Fayne's party, and, his sight virously obscured, either failed to see that there was not room to pass, or thought he would make a dash for it. He lurched right into the centre of the group, staggered, clutched at one of the men, and would have fallen, but that Lord Fayne caught him by the shoulder, and held him upright with the ease of a man balancing a bundle of straw.

"Take care, my friend," he said good-temperedly. "Never try to stand on your head in a crowd."

The man, with a tipsy smile, offered profuse and incoherent apologies, the hall-keeper came forward, like a benevolent guardian, to lead him into the right way, and all would have been well, but, unfortunately, one of the inebriate's friends, a burly, pugilistic young gentleman, bounced up, and evidently thirsting for a fight, demanded in strident tones what they were doing with his friend; why they didn't leave him alone, and whether they thought he was going "to stand it." If so, he remarked significantly, they made a jolly big mistake, and he was quite prepared to demonstrate the same upon the person of any one, or even two men, present.

The manager stepped up, the hall keeper stepped prompt and ready to catch up the interfering one, and transport him beyond the realms of peach plush and electric light. Everyone began to talk—all excepting Lord Fayne, who stood regarding the bellicose young man with a smile that was almost plaintive.

"It's all right," he said. "Your friend isn't hurt. Take him home and go to bed like good children; nurse is waiting for you."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" retorted the man, and he aimed a blow at the speaker.

Lord Fayne guarded it, caught the man by the arm, and locked at him steadily, with the same half-plaintive smile.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "Ladies present, you know. If you want to fight, take Jenkins on; he'll give you more than you want for supper, I assure you."

The man struggled; Lord Fayne, with that awful ease which the trained athlete acquires kept him at arm's length, Jenkins touched him with solemn warning on the shoulder—

"Now, sir, if you please, you come along with me."

As he spoke the noise attracted several other men in the hall. They came in, saw, as they thought, the beginning of a glorious row, and one of them, with extreme unwisdom, struck the engaged Jenkins.

Out went Lord Fayne's arm, and over went the unwise assailant.

In the instant the free fight, the music-hall shindy, was in full swing. Blows were struck, and fell on all sides. The women in their silks and satins, clung to each other and their male friends, shrieking shrilly; the manager hovered round the skirts of the melee, yelling for "Order"; the waiters dashed here and there distractedly. Above the rest towered the gigantic forms of the hall-keepers, pushing—and sometimes striking—with professional calm and composure.

In the centre of the struggling, shrieking mass stood Lord Fayne, "the noble costermonger," fighting with a sweet smile of intense enjoyment. Every blow of the strong, supple arm told, and by the strength of this one man the row would soon have been over, the fight finished; but, unfortunately, the manager called the police, and at the sight of the blue uniforms and helmets, all, feeling that it was neck or nothing now, set to work with renewed vigor.

Lord Fayne, his face radiant, gave a slight cheer, and dealt the man who happened to be his opponent for the moment —one of his own friends, very probably—a blow that rendered the subsequent proceedings of no interest to him, and was then about to fight for the door, when someone, who had been flourishing a decanter, struck him on the head with it.

CHAPTER II.

THE thing came crashing down, and the dull thud could be heard plainly by the intellectual gentleman who still stood by the stall door watching, with a calm, but now intensely interested expression. As the blow was dealt his eyes lit, lips twitched with the keenest satisfaction, and, after waiting for a moment to see Lord Fayne go down, he quickly stole out, as unnoticed as he had entered.

Lord Fayne felt the floor rise like a wave, saw all the electric lights fuse together in one blaze, and then, as it seemed to him, go out.

The next thing he was conscious of was that he was walking in peaceful, but somewhat confused fashion, down one of the quiet streets leading out of the square in which the Frivolity stood.

He looked up at the houses—they moved up and down in a singular fashion for such heavy and usually stationery objects —and then at the road, which rose in lumpy waves, like the pavement under his feet.

He stood and pondered for a moment, then remembered what had happened, and put his hand to his head, took it away, wet, looked at it in the light of one of the murky gas lamps with which "the greatest metropolis in the world" is illumined, and laughed and swore.

"Not a bad fight," he said, approvingly. "It was what I wanted. Thank Heaven, I feel sleepy—or, perhaps, it's the decanter; beastly thing, a decanter. Gorton ought to have them made of indiarubber. I'll tell him. Wonder where all the rest are, and what the time is?"

He felt for his watch. "Gone! All the money, too!" He yawned, and sauntered on, stanching the wound on his head with his handkerchief, for some minutes, in an aimless fashion. It was as if the reaction of the fight had produced an utter weariness and indifference of and to all things, himself in particular. The streets were empty, save for the policeman pacing his beat methodically. The stars of the summer night were paling before the coming of the early dawn. The "noble costermonger," Viscount Fayne, heir to the earldom of Averleigh, looked up at them thoughtfully, paused for a moment to see where he was, and then, as if indifferent to the locality, sauntered on again.

He had found his pipe and tobacco—which the pickpockets had either overlooked or charitably left to console him for the rest of his losses—and was smoking peacefully, almost contentedly, one would have said, notwithstanding the pain of the wound, and would have strolled on "until morning," but for the sight of something that sat crouched in a heap on one of the doorsteps of the quiet, sombre street into which he had wandered.

The something was only a girl; a slim figure, with its thin, faded shawl drawn over its head, and held together by one small, thin hand.

It was not an uncommon sight for Lord Fayne, and one he ordinarily passed indifferently enough; but, as he came close up to the figure, it moved, and a faint moan rose from under the shawl.

He stopped, and, with his pipe in his mouth, bent over her.

"What's the matter?" he asked, touching her on the shoulder.

The girl started, and raised her head. The shawl fell, and a pale but beautiful face, with frightened blue eyes, were lifted to him.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, in terror. "I—I live here—I did, I mean. I will move on. I—I was asleep. Please——" Then, as she saw that it was not a policeman, the terror in her face, her eyes, gave place to a weary, impassive look of grief and sorrow, and she rose, supporting herself by the railing with one hand and drawing her thin shawl over over her face with the other.

The gesture told the experienced man a great deal. This was not, as he had at first thought, a common waif of the street; they are in no hurry to hide their faces.

He looked at her as steadily as he could, saw that she was almost a child in years; that she was weak and ill, and the man who a few hours ago had been the active centre of a low music-hall fight, laid his hand as softly as a feather upon the slim shoulder, and, in a voice that was full of pity—yes, and tenderness—said—

"What's the matter, my girl?"

The girl started at the voice. She had taken him for a costermonger—a workman, and the soft tones frightened her.

He understood, and in rougher accents said—

"Down on your luck, ei.? What are you doing out here? Ought to be home with mother, you know!"

The girl put a shaking hand to her lips, as if to form them for speech. His altered, rougher voice had reassured her, and she raised her blue eyes to his unshrinkingly.

"I—have no home," she said, quiveringly, and yet with the strange, stolid firmness which comes into the tones of the utterly wretched. "I—I lived here; but I —— She was right; yes, she was right. She is poor too, and—and the rent——"

He understand.

"Turned you out?" he said, with the bluff cheerfulness which he knew was best suited to the occasion. A soft voice would have broken her up, as ice is meited into water by the sun. "That's rough on you."

"No—no!" she said. "She—she thought I had gone home—home!" and she stifled a moan at the repetition of the word. "I did mean to go away somewhere; but—but I got tired, and—and somehow, I—I found myself back here. It's—it's because I'm used to it. I'll go now."

She took a step, but her hand went back to the railing as if she were too weak to walk. Lord Fayne took hold of her arm, and drew it within his—the arm that had been dealing fast and furious blows only so short a time since!

"Cling on to me," he said, with rough good-nature. "Cling on; you can't walk by yourself, you know." He looked at her keenly. Here, when did you have your supper?"

The girl looked at him with dazed eyes.

"Supper? I—I don't know."

"I thought so," he said, in a matter of-fact voice. "I thought I knew the signs; and I haven't had mine either. Feel quite queer and shaky about the knees. Fact! Let's see where we are. Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, or some of the big streets, ought to be near. Ah, here we are! Come along. Don't walk too fast, or I shall have to give it and lie down."

She looked up at him. She could not smile, but she understood, saw through, the pretence.

Supporting her, wondering if she'd mind if he took her up in his arms—it would be so much easier, and less trouble—he led her into Tottenham Court Road. He knew what he wanted, and he found it at a street corner.

"Here's a coffee stall," he said. The girl shrank back, and tried to draw her arm away.

"All right; don't be afraid," he said. "I wasn't thinking of offering you any; shouldn't take such a liberty. But you won't mind waiting while I have something, will you?"

He went up to the stall, gave the man a nod, and ordered a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and cart-grease, and, still holding the girl's arm, drank and munched with an exaggerated air of enjoyment.

"That's good," he said. "Try it."

The girl shook her head.

"I'm not hungry," she said, in a low voice.

He reached forward, and filled a cup with hot milk.

"Drink it!" he said, as if he were tired of forbearance.

The words were spoken quiet enough, but there was something in his tone that made them a command impossible to disobey.

She raised her trembling hand; but he put it aside, and held the cup to her lips.

"You'd drop it," he said. "Drink it up —slowly, if you like; but drink it up."

The girl obeyed, drinking slowly, and pausing once or twice to sigh; and he held the cup patiently.

The light from the paper-shrouded candles of the stall fell upon her face, and accentuated its delicate outline and coloring. A stray lock of hair glittered like floss silk on the white brow; the blue eyes shone pathetically, like stars glittering through rain, from the childish, pretty face; and yet mingled with the pathos was a certain something which spoke of strength of will and tenacity of purpose.

The light fell also on his face, and the blue eyes were looking at it, over the coffee cup, intently, and with all the awfulness o' a woman's gratitude.

"That's better," he said. "Now eat tha piece of bread—no margarine, thanks; t wouldn't be good for you, I'm afraid."

She took the piece of bread, and tried to eat it; but the effort was a failure.

"I can't eat," she said, putting her hand to her delicate, white throat. Then, suddenly, "Your head is bleeding! What have you done to it?"

He laughed shortly.

"Been in a row," he said, carelessly.

She looked at him thoughtfully. Notwithstanding his coster jacket and assumed rough voice, something about him still puzzled her.

"Is it a bad cut?" she asked.

"No, nothing to speak of. Will you have some more milk? Sure?"

He turned to the man to pay him, then remembered that he had no money.

"Look here," he said. "I'm stone broke: take this, instead of coin, will you?" And he threw his pipe on the plank table.

The man took it up grumblingly.

"This is a pretty go!" he began; then he saw that the heavy mounting was of silver, and he looked curiously up at its owner.

Lord Fayne was, alas! extremely well-known to all classes of the community, especially the lower. The man recognized him, touched his napless and weather-beaten old scarecrow of a hat, and was about to say—

"Certainly, my lord," when Lord Fayne stopped him with a gesture.

"Hold your tongue!" he said. Then he took the girl's arm.

"Come along."

"Where—where?" she asked.

"To the park," he said. "It's warming up now"—he raised his eyes to the sun—"and you can rest there. Come on, and don't argue."

She let him lead her, as he had led her hitherto, and they entered the park. As they came abreast of one of the ornamental fountains, she stopped.

"Take off your cap," she said, in a low voice, "and hold your head over the water."

"What for?" he asked, gruffly; but with a shrug of his shoulders he obeyed, and she took out her handkerchief.

"Here, take mine," he said, still roughly; "if you insist upon doing it; but it doesn't matter."

She took his handkerchief, and bathed the wound.

"It is an awful cut," she said, with a shudder which made the disengaged hand she had laid on his shoulder vibrate. "It is a wonder it did not kill you."

"I'm not easily killed—worse luck!" he said, grimly.

She paused in her ministrations, and looked at him.

"Why do you say that? You're a man, and—— If I'd said it, now!" And she drew a long breath.

"Have you finished? Look sharp; one of the keepers will be on us, and run us in for spoiling the water."

"I must do it properly," she said, in a low voice, but firmly. "It ought to be strapped up and bandaged."

"Oh, nonsense!" he retorted. "There! that will do."

He stuck his cap on, and led the way to a seat. "Now sit down and rest."

She sat down, and leant back with closed eyes, her hands loosely clasped in her lap. There is a marvellous virtue in hot milk; it had given her a sensation of warmth and peace.

She opened her eyes, presently, and sighed.

"I must go," she said.

"Wait a moment," he said. "You may as well tell me your name."

A faint blush stole over her face.

"Grace—Grace Warner," she replied, in a low voice.

He nodded.

"Pretty name. And where do you mean to go—back to your people?"

The color left her face, and her eyes fell.

"I—I have no people," she said.

"No mother?"

She shook her head.

"No; she's dead; and my father, too. He died of—of a broken heart. Oh, don't ask me any more!' And her hands gripped each other spasmodically.

'All right," he said, with a rough kind of sympathy. 'But, look here, where are you going—"

She thought for a moment.

"I don't know. I must try and get work—"

"What work?" he said.

"Box making—fancy box making."

He nodded. "The things they put chocolates, and that sort of thing, in?'

"Yes, and handkerchiefs. Please don't ask me any more. You've—you've been very kind to me. I suppose I shouldn't have died, there, on the steps, but I felt like it. Won't you tell me your name?"

"I'm called Coster Dick," he said, curtly, after a moment of hesitation. "It's a name well known—to the police!"

She glanced at him.

"I'm sorry," she said, softly, pityingly. "But, whatever you are, you have been very good to me. Perhaps—perhaps we shall meet again, and then I can pay you—"

"Don't let that worry you," he said.

A park keeper came sauntering up, and half stopped; but, at sight of Fayne's face and muscular form, thought better of it, and passed on.

A silence fell, and presently she let her head rest upon the back of the seat; her eyes closed, and Fayne knew, by her regular breathing—the soft, even breathing of a tired child—that she was asleep.

He sat quite still, without stirring a limb, lest he should wake her, and once or twice looked musingly at the beautiful, child-like face. Then, after a moment's thought, he took off the broad, plain ring, beloved of costermongers, and gently—very gently—slipped it on the third finger of her left hand. The ring was so large, the finger so small and thin, that he could do it easily. He looked at the broad band of gold on the delicate whiteness with a contemplative smile; then took the gold links from his sleeve-wrists, and, tying them up in a corner of her handkerchief, which he deftly picked from her pocket, laid it in her lap.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered. "And they call this a good world, curse them!"

He swore once or twice, under his breath, then rose cautiously, and, walking on tiptoe, left her.

As he crossed from Regent's Park to the more fashionable one of Hyde, the early riders were trotting into the Ride; neatly-dressed and exquisitely-habited women on their satin-skinned backs, followed by their trim and precise grooms.

Some of these ladies and gentlemen recognized the tall, stalwart figure, and the handsome, haggard face of the man who strode along the side-walk in his coster clothes; but one and all, after a glance or a stare, turned their heads away from him as if from some pariah.

"See that man—that fellow like one of the men with barrows in the street—that's Lord Fayne," said one of the gentlemen, to the sister who rode beside him.

'Lord Fayne! A lord! Really? Are you joking?"

"No; it's true enough," was the reply.

"But why is he dressed like that, with a red scarf, and no collar, and that vulgar cap?' asked the girl.

"Because he's a rough and a blackguard. He's everything that's bad. And heir to an earldom! He's been in a fight, I should think, by the look of him. Turn your head away; he's looking this way. Yes, and not one of your mushroom earldoms, either, mind. The Averleigh's is one of the oldest peerages. Father, the earl, was in the last Cabinet—obliged to leave public life because of this fellow."

"How shocking! How handsome he is, isn't he? And look—he is stooping to pick a flower! How strange!"

"Yes, and there comes a policeman. There'll be a row and a fight, I shouldn't wonder. Ride on quickly. I shouldn't like you to hear his language."

There was no row, and the policeman didn't interfere, though Lord Fayne stopped right in front of the man, to stick the flower in his coat. Then he sauntered on, and, entering a street—Warwick Street—just outside the park, opened a door with his latch-key, and walked up the stairs.

As he did so, a noise and racket from one of the rooms above floated down to him. He opened the door, and looked in upon six or seven men, who were seated or lying about the room. The table was littered with cards, empty champagne bottles, broken glasses, and the room was filled with smoke. A roar of welcome greeted his appearance.

"Hallo, Herrie, old man! Where have you been? Where did you get to? We missed you after the scrimmage, and came on here to finish up. Here's Monkhouse, with two lovely black eyes, and George with three false teeth gone, and all of us more or less bashed. What a jolly old row it was, wasn't? Have some grilled bones? No! They're cold, long ago. Here, give him champagne. Where's the soda and brandy? Charile,"—to the young man who was standing on a chair grasping a candlestick, which he fondly mistook for a champagne glass—"get down, and stop that caterwauling. Here's Herrie. Coster Dick, drink, old man!"

Lord Fayne took the glass, and nodded, and looked round for an unbroken chair. A man, sleek and sober, came up to him.

"Sorry to trouble you, my lord; but that little bill—I just looked in—"

Lord Fayne smiled, gripped him by the shoulder, and forced him to the window.

"Your bill's all right, Levy. Bother me just now, and—out you go!'

"Pitch him out of the window; it won't hurt him, Fayne," shouted someone. "No, let him alone, and give us a song. Play us something. Here's your fiddle." And he caught up a priceless violin, and thrust it into Fayne's hand; for—strange inconsistency of our manifold nature!—this outcast, this pariah, this shame of an old and honored name, was a born musician.

Fayne laid the violin down, went to the piano, and began to play and sing a comic song, with a verve and effect which even the popular comedian of the Frivolity might have envied.

The men shouted the chorus, and slammed the table delightedly; but in the middle of the second verse, Fayne stopped suddenly, and rose.

"Finish the bottle, and clear," he said. That was all. They rose, staggered to their feet, and, with a jumbling of "All right, old man. Here's luck to you!" stumbled and jostled out.

Fayne shut the door, extinguished the unnecessary candles, opened the window, and stood beside it, looking out at the blue, sunlit sky of the summer morning.

He stood thus for a minute or two, then his hand wandered to his violin. He took it, and began to play. The tobacco, wine-reeking room was filled with exquisite music, soft and sad, full of tenderness and refined melancholy.

Then, as suddenly as he had stopped the comic song, he let the bow fall, tossed the violin from him, and, sinking on to a chair, laid his wounded head upon his arms, outstretched amongst the cards, the broken glasses, the empty bottles, and fell asleep.

Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! Let us come away to a brighter, a purer scene!

CHAPTER III.

TWO mornings after that on which Lord Fayne had met Grace Warner, a certain young lady came in through the open French window of the breakfast-room of her father's house to breakfast.

This young lady—whom the reader has got to fall in love with as quickly as possible—was named Eva Winsdale; and she lived, with her father, in a small but picturesque house called White Cot.

She was a very beautiful girl, very young and very happy. Until within three months of the time this story opens, she had been in school in France—had, indeed, lived all her life, spent all her holidays, at school, for her mother had died when she was quite a child, and her father was one of those gentlemen who find the presence of a young girl—well, embarrassing.

She had come home to White Cot expecting to find a middle-aged, gray-haired gentleman, who would, probably, walk with the aid of a stick, wear spectacles and a white waistcoat, and fall asleep after dinner and his two or three glasses of port.

She was surprised to find that her father was not—or rather, did not appear to be—even middle aged; that, in fact, he very often (by lamplight, when the network of fine lines and wrinkles about his eyes and lips did not show) looked quite extraordinarily young; that though he carried a stick, it was for ornament and not for support, and that he was by far the best dressed, the best mannered "young man" she had ever seen.

She stared at him with delight and astonishment, and though Francis Winsdale was far too polished and well-bred to stare openly, even at his own daughter, it may be said he stared inwardly.

He, in his heart, had been picturing a round-faced, angular school-girl, with a school-girl's shyness and blushes, and a school-girl's thousand and one gaucheries.

"Instead of which," as the famous magistrate said, here was a slim and graceful girl, with the loveliest of oval faces—a face framed by soft, silky hair, that was almost black—who regarded him with her gray-blue eyes, with a sweet, though searching calm. He glanced at her feet and hands, saw that they were small and beautifully shaped, that her dress sat upon her lithe figure with the grace he loved, that her mouth was exquisitely formed, and full of a refined sensitiveness; and he said, "My dear I am glad to see you!" Almost—not quite, but almost—overcome by his surprise.

"You are like your mother, Eva," he remarked as they drove from the station to White Cot, and he was delighted when, in the clearest and most musical and high-bred voice, she said, "And like you, too, father, I think."

Francis Winsdale had always admired a beautiful woman—admired them still—and he fell in love with his daughter straightway, and felt there was nothing he would not do for her—except get up before nine o'clock in the morning, wear thick boots, go without his special brand of cigarettes, or his glass of curacoa after dinner, or—or—several other things that were necessary, absolutely necessary, to his comfort.

As for Eva, she thought this newly found father the epitome of all that was pleasant and delightful, and loved him—well, with all her sweet, large young heart.

Other persons beside her father admired her, and before she had scarce settled down to the new life that seemed so delicious to her in its freedom from school discipline and restraint, she found herself surrounded by friends.

The rector and his wife, old Mrs. Bellamy at the Chase, and last, but not least in importance, even the Earl of Averleigh and his sister, Lady Janet, at Averleigh Court, were bewitched by the girl's loveliness, and the indescribable charm of her voice and manner.

So rapidly and strongly had the friendship between her and Lady Janet grown, indeed, that Eva spent a great of her time at the Court, and, as her father said—but by no means complainingly—it might be said that she nearly lived there.

On this particular morning she came into the room singing softly, her hand full of flowers, a fox-terrier frisking round the dainty, but serviceable white dress, which he knew he must not touch with his paws, youth, "the delight of living," radiating from her, as light and heat radiate from the sun.

Her father, from his seat at the table, looked up at her with a smile which for all his admiration in, and pride of her, was faintly cynical. He was beautifully dressed. Some men wear clothes, some men's clothes wear them. Francis Winsdale wore his. His hair was arranged to perfection, so that no one—not even Eva—suspected its thinness; his small moustache was carefully twisted and waxed at the ends, his hands were as white and small as a woman's; and his complexion—was there or was there not a soupcon of powder and rouge?—would have done credit to a belle in her first season.

He wore a velvet morning-jacket of dark ruby, above which the diamond claw of his scarf-pin shone like a snake's eyes, and against which the white of his collar and wristbands gleamed like snow.

"Good morning, Eva!"

"Good morning, father!" She never called him "papa." "Have I kept you waiting? I am so sorry, but the flowers were so beautiful with the dew glistening on them, that I stopped to pick some. Let me put them in a glass on the table, and then I will give you your chocolate."

"Don't hurry," he said politely, but with a glance at the silver chocolateer, notwithstanding. "Had you not better ring for Soames, and let him do it properly?"

Soames was the butler, footman, and only indoor male servant, for Francis Winsdale was not a rich man.

Eva laughed, and raised her brows—they were dark, like her hair, and beautifully pencilled—with the little gesture that was deliciously piquant, and which she had doubtless unconsciously learned of French schoolfellows.

"Soames! Oh, no! Soames would say—'Yes, miss,' like a piece of wood that had been taught to speak, and stick them into a vase from the sideboard, with all the wrong colors together. There, it is done! Are they not beautiful?" and she stood back, with her slim hand on her hip to regard them.

"They are, very—but isn't that chocolate getting a little, just a little, chilly?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

STEEL.—The method of inlaying the hardest steel, such as swords, daggers and knives, with gold and silver was a secret process ages ago in Damascus. It is a secret still, known only to a few Syrian artisans and their apprentices.

THE OLDEST BOOK.—Max Muller insists that the oldest book in the world is "The Rig Veda," which was in existence, complete as we have it now, 1,500 years before Christ, and not the so called "Book of the Dead," from Egypt, consisting of disjointed fragments, collected from many sources, the earliest of which may possibly be dated as early as 6000 B. C.

ONE-HAND WATCHES.—The first English watches had weights, and were used as pocket clocks. They had only one hand, and required to be wound up twice a day. The dials were of silver and brass, while the cases were unglazed, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter—about the size of a common dessert plate.

THE DESERT.—The notion that the Sahara is altogether a barren and worthless waste is wide of the truth. In 1891 there were 9,000 000 sheep in the Algerian Sahara alone, besides 2 000,000 goats and 260,000 camels. On the oases there are 1,500,000 date palms, producing dates worth $3,000 000 a year. So even the desert is worth keeping under control.

THE STRANGER'S SHEAF.—A touching old rural custom still prevails in the western parts of France during the harvest season. On the edge of a field bordering the highway a sheaf of grain, to which all the peasants of the village contribute, is left standing. It is called the "stranger's sheaf," as it is the property of the first homeless wayfarer whomsoever care to carry it away and profit by its price.

SMELLING OUT CRIME.—In Zululand the practice is still followed among the natives of "smelling out" crime by the aid of the medicine men. Twelve Zulus have lately been sentenced to death in this manner. When the chief is ailing, or cattle are sick, or any unexplained misfortune overtakes the kraal, the inhabitants are made to seat themselves in a great circle, and the sorcerers of the tribe, after the performance of certain hideous rites, discover the one who, by means of charms or the practice of black magic, has brought the evil upon them. The person so found is touched with a wand, and the touch is equivalent to a sentence of death. In this case the murderers smelled out are alleged to have put their victim to death by means of slow poison.

THE RUSSIAN PRIEST'S WIFE.—There is certainly one happy woman in Russia—the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "As happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies, he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman, and his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to his children and half to the Government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has secured her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest—infinitely better than to be the wife of a noble.

ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON.—The Reverend Mr. Collins, a naturalist twenty-five years resident in Ceylon, says that elephants there live about 130 years and "come of age" at forty. There are three sizes of them in the same herds, and, when they are young, the sizes that they will attain is pretty nearly known by the number of their toes. Those which grow to be of the largest size have eighteen toes—five on each of the two fore feet, and four on each of the hind ones. Those which grow to a medium size have seventeen toes—five on each of the fore feet, and four on one hind foot and three on the other. The least size of elephant has sixteen toes—five on each fore foot, and three on each hind foot. No Cingalese elephant has a fewer number than sixteen toes. The driver rules his elephant by means of an iron hook, with which he touches a most sensitive part behind the ear, which causes the most unruly elephant to become submissive.

THERE are some great troubles that only time can heal, and, perhaps, some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the greatest panacea work.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

BY E. T. W.

Prosperity will bring us friends
As thick as bees in May;
But should adversity approach,
How soon they're scared away!
Begone, then, Summer friends, ye're but
A poor and helpless band;
Not one among you yet was known
To lend a helping hand.

The genial shower of generous rain
Will lay a cloud of dust;
But grudging aid provokes contempt,
And leaves behind distrust.
A little help's worth more than all
The pity in the land;
Then let's resolve, when Sorrow calls,
To lend a helping hand.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE was adored—not only by her husband, who worshipped her to an extent that Lady Grandison declared to be ridiculous, but by all her friends, and most of all by the Rainford people.

It was to her they came in all their trials and sorrows, pleasures and joys, fully assured she would share them, lessening the first and increasing the latter.

They were fond of Bernard, and looked up to him as the next after Sir Terence; but it was to "the mistress," as they loved to call Nance, that they offered their profoundest devotion.

The time was early summer, and, though the candles were lit, the red light of the setting sun cast a crimson glow through the open window upon the magnificent room, causing the rich plate and the Venetian glass, and the ladies' diamonds, to glitter with a ruby glow.

The dessert stage had arrived; the servants had left the room, and for a moment the laughter, which had made a running accompaniment to the meal, had ceased.

It was one of those pauses which are never awkward when they occur to a party of friends who are really friends and intimate enough to refrain from talking for mere talking's sake.

Sir Terence leant back in his chair, and looked around with a smile of happiness and content in his cheerful countenance, his eyes resting at last upon Nance with a loving tenderness.

Another pair of eyes were looking at her also—those of Lord St. John. He was a frequent visitor at the Hall; one of those visitors whose presence is so frequent, indeed, as to earn for them the sobriquet of "tame cat." Scarcely a day passed but St. John rode or walked over from Lisle Court. There was always a place for him at the table, and as often as not he filled it.

He was the friend of both husband and wife, and both Bernard and Nance consulted him in almost everything they did. Indeed, he was more like a brother than a friend, and was never very far from Nance's side. He rode with her to hounds—for Nance was quite a famous horsewoman now—sat by her side in the perfect little phaeton drawn by a pair of as perfect ponies, which had been his wedding present to her, and—with his slight limp—walked about the village with her on her endless visits of charity.

This evening he sat looking at her dreamily, his head resting on his hand, his girlish fair face wearing that look which a chastened love—chastened by self-sacrifice and purged of earthly passion—can alone bestow.

He had said to Bernard, that night he had gone to his chambers to urge him to return to Nance, that all he wanted was to see her happy; and now that she was happy, he was content—simply content—while he was permitted to be near her, and witness her happiness.

Such perfect, self-denying love seems old fashioned and out of date, if not impossible in these degenerate days; but St. John had proved it more than possible, and had found in it a rare and lasting reward.

"Gone to sleep, St. John?" said Bernard, pushing the claret jug toward's him.

St. John started slightly and filled his glass.

"Not asleep, only dreaming," he said with his gentle smile.

"What were you dreaming about, St. John?" asked his mother.

Nance turned her eyes upon him, as she always did when he was going to speak, no matter who else might be talking.

"I was dreaming of the time when Bernard should be Prime Minister—or, at the very least, Minister of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet," he said.

Bernard laughed, but Sir Terence nodded eagerly; the prospect of a fight—even of an election fight—was dear to his Hibernian soul.

"And why shouldn't he be?" he demanded, looking round with smiling defiance.

"I've got to get in first," said Bernard with a smile. "If Mr. Munster——" Mr. Munster was the sitting member for Rainford, who from age and gout was desirous of "Getting out of the blessed House," as he called it. "If Munster resigns next week, we shall have to do all we know to secure the seat. "If you ask me, I should say that the thing isn't worth the trouble."

"But we don't ask you," remarked Lord Lisle. "If we did, we know very well that you'd say it wasn't worth the trouble. The fact is, my dear Bernard, you are too happy. Thoroughly happy men are always desperately lazy."

"I've always regarded you as a perfect type of human felicity," retorted Bernard slyly.

There was a general laugh at Lord Lisle's expense.

"All right; take warning by my frightful example," he said. "It's no use, my dear Bernard, you have got to stand for the place, and we've got to get you in."

"And there will be no difficulty," declared Sir Terence proudly. "Just leave it to the ladies." And he raised his glass of port and bowed over it to the members of the fair sex present. "Leave it to the ladies. If you take my advice, my dear boy, you will let the countess, Lady Dockitt and Christine, and Lady Grandison—if she will be so gracious—do all the work. They've only to go round——"

"And kiss all the babies," put in Bernard.

"Exactly," said the earl, blandly. "That is the easiest way of winning an election. Take care of the babies and the votes will take care of themselves."

"All right," said Bernard, "as long as I'm not expected to kiss 'em. But seriously, my good friends, I can't see why on earth I should represent Rainford amongst the collective wisdom of the land. I don't care to write M.P. after my name."

"My dear Bernard," interrupted the countess, "we know you don't; it's because we want to write it there when we address our letters to you, and because you ought to do your duty. England expects every man——"

"To do his duty if he can't get another man to do it for him," finished Bernard. "No, don't you think that I see through your little game, good people. It's a base and unworthy conspiracy to push a harmless and inoffensive man into Parliament that his wife may have a pretext for keeping up a big house in town, and giving innumerable parties."

The countess laughed.

"Yes, he is too clever for us!" she said, looking round. "You are right, Bernard—quite right. We know the kind of life you and Christine would lead if we didn't stir you up; you would be content to live on here at the Hall from year's end to year's end."

"Quite right; we should!"

"Contented with a humdrum existence spent by you in hunting, dinner giving and pauperising the people."

"Quite right; they are our notions of an ideal life, eh, dear?" And he laughed, and nodded at Nance.

She smiled at him without a word.

"Just so," said the earl. "That being the case it becomes the duty of your friends to stretch forth a hand and save you from your benighted—laziness."

"Sounds like bad language," said Bernard. "What on earth does Christine want with a big house in town and a Member of Parliament for a husband?"

Nance looked up and opened her lips, but Lady Lisle put her finger upon them.

"No, my dear, you shan't encourage him! My dear Bernard, it is your duty!"

"Duty be—blowed, as St. John would say," retorted Bernard.

"St. John never used such an expression in his life," said the countess, laughing. "Speak up for yourself, St. John."

St. John smiled and shook his head; then he looked round, and his eyes resting on the lovely face at the head of the table, he said, in a soft voice—

"The matter should rest with Christine."

"Oh, of course!" remarked Bernard. "Everyone knows that that would be your decision. 'Pon my word, I'm bad enough to have a wife who tyrannises like a despot, without possessing a friend who backs her up on every possible and impossible occasion. Of course he'd say, 'It rests with Christine.' When does he say anything else, I should like to know? I pause for a reply!"

"That's how he will talk and look in the House of Commons," remarked Lady Grandison.

St. John continued after the laughter had subsided, speaking slowly and softly, as if he were addressing only one person; and whom else could it be but the beautiful woman at the head of the table, who sat looking at him with tender interest and consideration in her lovely eyes!

"Christine is very popular. She would be able to do a great deal for the cause and the party. Perhaps it's her duty."

"I always thought it was a wife's duty to sit at home and look after her husband and family," said Bernard with affected sternness; "to sew on his shirt buttons, and fill his pipe, and—and so on. I may be old-fashioned in my notions."

"Christine will know what is best to be done in the matter," said St. John.

"Yes, after she has consulted a certain friend—to wit, St. John Lisle!" retorted Bernard. "There, I see it's useless to argue or stand upon my rights as a free man; I give in. But I warn you—mind I warn you in all seriousness, that if I don't like it, if I find that my home is turned topsy turvey, and that my wife is so much engaged working for the 'cause and the party'—the 'cause and the party,' by George!—I shall resign my seat and insist upon St. John standing for it!"

"Bravo!" cried Lady Grandison, while the men clapped and applauded.

St. John shook his head and smiled, but before he could speak a child's voice was heard on the terrace calling to him, and a little girl ran into the room, and, making straight for him, as if there were no one else present, put her arms round his neck.

She was a beautiful little thing, with Nance's violet eyes and Nance's red-gold hair, but with that bright light-hearted expression which belonged to Sir Terence and Bernard.

"Uncle Singen," she said in her clear treble—which Bernard and St. John never heard without being reminded of her mother—"Uncle Singen, the leg has come off my doll—the big doll you gave me, you know. Will you please come and put it on again?"

St. John took her in his arms, and rose at once and as a matter of course.

"Yes, Nance," he said, "I'll come."

"Here, I say, young party!" said Bernard, "who told you to come in here? And don't you see anyone else than Uncle St. John?"

The child got down from St. John's arms, and standing beside him made a charmingly grave curtesy to the rest of the company.

"Run away, Nance," said the elderly Nance gently. "Uncle St. John has not finished his wine. You must not worry him."

She looked up at St. John with childish seriousness.

"Do I worry you?" she asked.

St. John took her on his knee.

"Terribly, Nance!" he said. "But now you are here you might as well have some dessert, I think; the doll can wait a few minutes; it isn't in much pain, I hope. What?" for she had put her arms round his neck, and whispered in his ear. "Bring it outside, and give some to little Bernie? All right."

He made a selection from the dessert dishes, until he had piled up a plate, gave it to her to carry, and went out with her still in his arms.

"Hi! Stop! Don't go, St. John!" cried Bernard. "And let the young monkey walk; she can, you know, though you always seem to think she can't."

"I like carrying her," said St. John, as he walked out with her.

"I tell you what it is, madam," said Bernard, addressing Nance: "the way in which you permit those children of yours to tyrannize over poor St. John is really and truly shameful."

"I know," she said meekly; "but it isn't altogether my fault. I do try and stop it, but—but he encourages them, especially Nance. If I interfere and try to keep her away from him, she cries, and then he takes her part, and—and it is worse than ever! What can I do?" And she looked round piteously.

Lady Lisle laughed.

"St. John will have his revenge. He'll spoil her for you."

"Spoil her!" cried Lady Dockitt, who doted on the child. "He couldn't. The child has the sweetest disposition in the world! Why, even just now, didn't you hear her suggesting that they should take out the fruit to share with little Bernie? Spoil her!"

Bernard laughed.

"Don't you think you'd better leave us to smoke our cigars in peace, my dear?" he said to Nance. "I know, from bitter experience, that there will be no other topic of conversation but the angelic qualities of 'the dear children.'"

The ladies went into the drawing-room, and the men lit up the weed—all except St. John, who did not return, though Bernard went to the window and shouted for him, receiving only an "All right, Bernard, don't wait for me," in response.

He was not in the drawing-room when the gentlemen went to join the ladies half-an-hour afterwards, and Nance remorsefully went out to search for him and bring him in.

Bernard followed her on to the terrace, and they stood side by side looking at the sunset, which was dying the trees in the park a deep crimson, and setting the windows of the old house aflame.

"Nance!" he whispered, drawing her arm within his. "Are you happy, Nance?"

She did not reply for a moment, but allowed her head to sink on his shoulder, and put her lips to his cheek.

There was silence for a moment—a silence broken by the sound of the piano in the drawing room, and the voices of the two children on the lawn below the terrace, then she said in a low voice—

"I had a letter this morning, Bernard."

"From Felicia?" he said gravely.

"Yes. So beautiful a letter! It made me cry. And yet she writes as one who is not unhappy. It is so full of peace and—and gentleness. I would show it to you, Bernard, but—but she asked me not to do so; she said that it was meant for me alone. But I think I may tell you something of it."

"Where is she now?" he asked, very quietly.

"In Spain. The cholera has broken out there, and she has gone out with a band of nurses. There are ten of them, but she says that there is work enough for twice the number. They get scarcely any rest, and the scenes amidst which they work are too terrible for description."

"Poor woman!" he murmured.

"No," said Nance, with a woman's true insight. "One must not pity her Bernard; one cannot, after reading her letter. She says that the work, the hard life, the scenes of misery and suffering, are the only things that help to make life bearable; that they help her, if not to forget the past, to keep from dwelling on it."

"What a wonderful, marvellous change," he said musingly. "Fancy Felicia Damerel a hospital nurse, risking her life amidst cholera and fever, working without hope of reward or fame for people who, perhaps, don't even thank her! Felicia Damerel, the professional beauty!"

"Yes, it is wonderful," said Nance, gently, "and yet it does not seem so surprising to me. I saw the change coming over her as he died. I saw her face when he said that it was an accident——"

She broke off with a shudder, and stole a little nearer to her husband.

"Yes. Poor Sloyle! He might have exacted a terrible revenge."

"It was his forgiveness that touched her and wrought the change in her. Poor woman!" And her eyes filled with tears.

"Do you think she would come back—come to England?" said Bernard.

Nance shook her head.

"No? She might if—you asked her!"

"I have asked her," she replied, simply. He stooped and kissed her.

"That's like my Nance," he said, proudly and fondly.

She raised her eyes, still glistening, with almost childlike surprise.

"Why should I not? Do you think—do you think that I could not forget, or—or that"—her voice was almost inaudible—"that I was afraid to do so?"

"No, no!" he said, hurriedly. "Our secret is safe with her, I know—safe as if it were buried."

"That is what she said in her first letter," said Nance, with downcast eyes, her hand tightening on his arm. "All the past is dead to her, quite dead. Nothing would induce her to come back to be reminded of that dreadful time. She says that it is only when she is watching beside some some poor wretch struggling for life, or sinking into death, that she does not hear the sound of a pistol shot, and see his face as he lay at her feet. Poor woman! I am writing to her to night, Bernard. Shall I—shall I give her any message from you."

He was silent for a moment. What could he answer?

Though he did not know, she, with a wo-

man's quicker instinct and finer delicacy and tact, knew.

"I will say," she said, almost solemnly, "that you, too, forget everything excepting that she once loved——"

"My Nance, my sweet, good Nance!" he said, as she stopped.

And he kissed her.

"Hush," she said, after a moment. "Listen!" The voices of the children came nearer, little Nance's clear treble just below them.

"You are very fond of little girls, Uncle St. John?" she was saying.

"Very, Nance," he replied, and it was evident that he was carrying her in his arms again.

There was a pause, then she said—

"Uncle St. John, you've never been married, have you?"

"Not that I'm aware of, Nance."

"Why not?" she asked gravely.

He was silent a moment. Nance's hand stole down to Bernard's and clasped it.

"Well, you see," said St. John hesitatingly, "one doesn't always see the lady one would like to marry, Nance."

"What a pity! And there seems to be so many nice ladies. And I should think anyone would like to marry you, Uncle St. John, you are so clever, you see."

"Am I? As how, Nance?"

"Oh, in ever so many things. I don't know anybody who can make a rabbit on the wall half so well as you can; and you can do conjuring tricks so nicely; and see how you mended dolly's leg, Uncle St. John?"

"Well, Nance?"

"Do you know, now I come to think of it, I should like to marry you, if you don't mind."

"Really? That's very nice of you, Nance."

"Is it? I'm glad you think I'm nice. But you don't mind, do you? Or do you think I'm too little?"

"Well, now you mention it—mind, you mentioned it, Nance, not I—you are little, aren't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I am," she said thoughtfully, regretfully; "but," brightening up, "I am growing, you know; I'm growing fast, Lady Dockitt says so. I shall be quite a big girl presently, as big as mamma. Do you think"—she drew herself up and looked into his face eagerly—"do you think you'd wait for me? If you don't mind waiting, I'm sure I shall go on loving you. Only think! when I'm a big girl I shall love you even more than I do now, shan't I? Because, you see, there'll be more of me to love you with. Do wait for me, will you?"

Bernard and Nance looked over the railing cautiously and saw him kiss her—saw the child's face sink on his shoulder and nestle against his face, as she sighed contentedly when he said in his gentle voice.

"All right, Nance; I'll wait for you."

"Let us go in," whispered Nance—our Nance—and the tears ran down her face even as she smiled.

[THE END]

A Passing Shadow.

BY O. T.

MAUDE THORNTON, with ten thousand a year and a splendid estate in Warwickshire, was far more miserable that dull October day, because it was raining, than Carroll, the meek companion, who was trying to please her petulant mistress by an account of the vivid interest of some new book.

"It's of no use, Car. To rain like this—to-day, too, when Lawrence promised to come over from Kingston!"

"You will forget the rain, if you will only let me read you the first chapter; it's splendid, Miss Maude," persisted Carroll, opening the brown volume.

Miss Thornton stopped her with a gesture.

"Ring for my cloak and shoes, Car; I am going down to the lodge to see nursie."

"Miss Maude!"

Miss Maude had turned to the window, and was impetuously tapping the pane. She was still young, with a proud fire in her face and shining through her dark eyes which was more bewitching than her beauty. Tall and slight, Maude had inherited a rare grace of movement from her mother. That mother twenty-four years ago had married the old Squire for his money. They were both dead now, lying together under the gray stones of the chancel pavement, and Maude was their heiress. She lived in the "big house" with an old half-witted aunt and her companion.

It was only a temporary arrangement; Maude was engaged to be married to her cousin, a dashing young officer, whose regiment was then stationed at Kingston. She was very proud of him, and loved him all the better for his poverty; for hers was a nature that felt almost too keenly the joy of giving.

Lawrence was well pleased of course to have the love of the heiress and to excite the envy of all the other fellows who didn't see "what Maude Thornton liked in her yellow-haired cousin."

Maude had rebelled fiercely at his manner lately. It was too courteous, too reserved for a devoted lover, she inwardly decided; and it was this perhaps that upon that wet day made her so discontented amid all the splendor of the Thornton drawing-room.

After a few sharp words Maude obtained cloak and shoes, and went out into the rain. It was coming down more fiercely than ever on the dank leaves and the soft gravel; but she hastened onward bravely enough, down the path and across the bridge, striking away from the main avenue to save time.

Parting Thornton grounds from the Rectory garden was a high thick fence of laurel, which ran for a few hundred yards in almost a straight line. A new thought struck Maude's wayward mind as she reached the fence; she would go and see Polly, the Rector's little daughter, whom Maude patronized very gracefully.

As she stood for a moment by the fence, undecided, a low voice, tremulous with pain, reached her from the other side.

"Poor little Polly! It is cruel that fate should part two such loving hearts."

It was Lawrence Gary who spoke. Then came Polly's soft response—

"Never mind. Heaven will help us, Captain Gary."

"May it help you to be patient, dear!"

Maude heard no more; she hastened away, like a guilty thing, back across the bridge, her breath coming in short gasps, the fever flush of pain on her cheeks.

Carroll met her in the hall, mildly reproachful.

"You'll fall into a consumption and die, Miss Maude, and then what will Captain Gary do? I'd sooner have a tame elephant to keep in health."

Miss Thornton threw off her cloak with a little bitter laugh.

"Don't be cross, Car. I was a great fool to go out, I know. I'll go and dress for dinner, and you can read that book, if you like, dear."

She hastened upstairs to her room, and rang for her maid.

"I will wear my new dress to-night, Mary; and do my hair in coils, please."

Maude looked queenly when she came into the drawing room; she was dressed in black velvet, with square-cut bodice, and rich lace drooping over her pretty white arms.

"You look like a picture, Miss Maude," exclaimed Carroll, admiringly.

Maude smiled, and seated herself by the hearth, the firelight playing on her proud, queenly face, and on her luxuriant hair. She sat there, silent and thoughtful, playing with a pictured fire-screen, each movement of her white hand causing the rings on her fingers to flash brightly.

"Captain Gary!" cried Carroll, at the sound of wheels on the drive.

Maude's color rose a little higher, but she did not speak, not even when Carroll said something about a book and left the room.

He came in unannounced—a man of twenty-five, yellow-haired, handsome—a man any woman with unclaimed heart might have loved.

Maude held out her hand, with a laugh.

"I didn't expect you to night, Lawrence."

He took it gravely, but did not attempt to kiss her. There was something in her proud face which checked him.

"What a dreary day—isn't it?" she said, in her softest tones, clasping her hands together lest he should see them tremble, and looking at him, her white lids drooping a little.

How beautiful she was! The soldier's face flushed a little with pride as he looked at this queenly girl—his promised wife.

"It is rather damp, my darling," he returned, gaily.

She played with the rings on her fingers, loosening one, a bright cluster of diamonds, and half drawing it off.

"This old house is dreadfully dull. I am utterly miserable here—utterly miserable!"

"Maude!" her lover cried, in grave reproach.

Her eyes flashed as she looked up at him proudly.

"Don't you think it must be dull, with two old women for my companions?"

He bent over her eagerly.

"It must be dull, dear, I know. Don't spend the winter here. Let it form our honeymoon, passing in sunny Italy, my darling."

Her proud lips quivered with pain; but she laughed lightly.

"I shall not spend the winter here. I am going abroad—to Paris; I have friends there, and shall see a little of the world. I do not know my own heart, Lawrence."

Lawrence bit his lip with annoyance.

"I hardly understand you; you are in a strange mood to-night."

She went on recklessly, twisting that bright betrothal ring.

"It was hardly fair to claim my promise so soon, Lawrence—I am fettered before I have known anything of the world's real life. They may be golden chains to you; to me they are simply galling."

The insulting words stung him to the quick.

"Fetters do you call your words of promise? I have no wish to chain you, Maude—Miss Thornton, if you will," he returned, hotly.

She rose up, playing carelessly with her rings.

"They are fetters—easily broken, though when no love binds the links together. There—take back your ring."

She slipped it off and held it out, laughing the while. He clasped her wrist and the ring dropped between them.

"What do you mean? Are you playing with me? It has gone too far for a joke."

"Loose my arm, Captain Gary—you hurt me. I tell you my promise has become a galling chain. I like you, you know, but not well enough to give up better chances in life. I am handsome—I have ten thousand a year. A captain in a marching regiment is not a good parti."

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I won't reproach you, Maude—I am glad you have dropped your mask. You are not worthy of an honest man's love! I will crush mine as I crush this bauble!" He stamped upon the glittering diamonds with his heel as he spoke.

"For shame! You have spoiled a ring worth the Rector's yearly income!" she exclaimed, lightly.

But he heeded not the words in his angry pain. He caught the girl's hands in his with no gentle clasp, and looked sternly in her face.

"Heaven help and pity you, Maude! The triumphs you covet, the rank you may gain, will turn to ashes at your touch. I know you love me. Nay, let your eyes droop; I know their secret—you have let me read it often enough. And now I say Heaven forgive you for the words you have spoken this night and for the solemn promise you have lightly broken!"

He wrung his hands and strode out of the room, his beating fiercely with pain and anger.

With a low heart-broken cry Maude dropped upon her knees, and covered her face from the light.

Miss Carroll, coming in, found her sobbing wildly. The companion knelt down, and put her hands tenderly round her.

"Miss Maude, dear Miss Maude, what is the matter? Where is Captain Gary?"

Maude put up her hands with a passionate gesture.

"He is gone, Car. He will never come back any more. He doesn't love me, Car."

"Not love you!" echoed Carroll, in high disdain.

"He doesn't—he seeks my money!" And Maude sobbed out the whole wretched story—the whispered words behind the laurel fence, and her own hard words to Lawrence.

"Didn't you tell him what you had heard?"

"Tell him?" questioned Maude, her face flushing hotly. "No, indeed!"

"Then you ought to have done so, Miss Maude. Many a heart has been broken by keeping back something that might have cleared up all trouble. Listen, Miss Maude dear. I am nearly forty, and my hair is gray; but twenty years ago, there wasn't a brighter face or a lighter heart than mine in all the village. I was engaged to a young doctor, and we loved each other dearly. I was a clergyman's daughter, you know, and we lived in the rectory, for the living was in the hands of some canon, and my father was curate in charge."

Maude moved her head impatiently. What were the loves of sorrows of these people to her, in her supreme grief?

Miss Carroll went on hastily—

"Well, we were engaged; and one day that we had arranged to go to a picnic, some miles away, John came over, looking troubled. He had to go on business to the town, and couldn't join us at the picnic. I was very sorry, but did not think much of it till Lizzie Towell, one of my friends, told me a long story of some young lady John went to see—some beauty of the neighboring town. Jealousy is a strange thing, Miss Maude. It makes one think the worst of our dearest and best. I accused him bitterly. He was proud at first, and angry; but then he begged me to tell him all. I wouldn't, and we parted in anger—in anger, Miss Maude—and I never saw him again till I looked on his dear dead face. He was stricken by a fever, and died."

Miss Carroll's voice dropped. Over the dreary pain of twenty years the flood of pain was surging again.

"Poor, dear old Car!" Maude exclaimed, arousing herself. "I am so sorry."

"Heaven's will be done, Miss Maude; but it's of no use to mistake our foolish pride for the Almighty's will, dear. I wish—I wish you had told Captain Gary."

Maude rose up, shaking out the folds of her dress with an impatient sigh.

"Go and have your dinner, dear, and send me a cup of tea—nothing else."

Miss Carroll kissed the beautiful heiress, and went briskly away. It was still raining, but the wind had gone down, and thick mists shadowed the meadows round the Rectory.

Miss Carroll walked quickly up the garden path and pulled the bell, half hidden among the ivy leaves. She was a welcome visitor at the Rectory, and the servant ushered her at once into the parlor. The lamp was burning low, and Polly's piano was shut. Polly herself, with a little conscious color, came forward to receive Miss Carroll. She had been standing by the fireplace talking to Lawrence Gary.

"Give me your cloak; it is wet." She took hold of it, and carried it out of the room.

The little companion hesitated a moment. She was terribly afraid of this grand, tall soldier. But love conquered fear. She went up to him, her face flushing and her voice trembling, but strong in her purpose.

"Captain Gary, Miss Maude is breaking her heart about you. She thinks you love Polly. She heard you say something this afternoon."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, as Polly came back, saying—

"Sit down, Miss Carroll; mamma will be down in a moment. Captain Gary's horse became lame while driving from the Hall, and he is going to stay here to-night."

"Yes—no—that is," exclaimed the young officer, excitedly, "I am going back to the Hall—I have forgotten something."

He left the room, and Polly turned up the lamp, and sat down to her needlework. Polly's eyes were red.

"You have been crying," said Miss Carroll.

"Yes, I have," the girl admitted, frankly; "I am very miserable. Charlie is in Captain Gary's regiment, and they are ordered abroad to India. Captain Gary was very kind. He came to tell me to-day, as Charlie couldn't leave."

"But who is Charlie? I have never heard of him."

"He is Lieutenant Tillson, and I am engaged to him," said Polly, with a little dignity.

"Ah, I understand. Poor little girl! India is a long way off—Captain Gary won't go?"

"No. I suppose not," said Polly, with a smile that proved Captain Gary had kept his counsel.

Maude had drunk her tea, and was moodily watching the glowing embers, her tears falling unchecked, when the door was pushed open by an eager hand, and Lawrence Gary entered again. He was very close to her before he spoke.

"Maude, don't let us be foolish children and quarrel for nothing."

"I thought you were at Kingston, Captain Gary."

"No; my horse became lame, and I had to stop at the Rectory. Polly is in sad trouble, Maude. Charlie Tillson, her betrothed husband, goes to India next month—the regiment has received orders; and I stopped to tell her this afternoon. I had intended to tell you of our going to India, but——"

"Oh, Lawrence, you are not going!"

"Forget and forgive. I was mad with pain and jealousy. It was my love that made me so bitter."

He held her close in his arms.

"Let it be a lesson to both of us, darling. It might have wrecked our lives for years, if not forever. But for the laming of my horse, I should have gone to India thinking you a false woman, Maude."

"Hush!" she said softly. "After all, it is only A Passing Shadow."

A MURMUR.

BY J. S. L.

I wrote her name on the soft, shifting sand,
For Love had written it within my heart.
Th' incoming tide with its incessant flood
Dashed o'er the letters, leaving level sand;
But as the expended foam crept slowly back
Into the seething waves, it bore her name,
And mingled it for ever with the surge.
The billows murmur it along the shore;
The wild waves echo it in every beat;
The tempest shrieks it 'neath the midnight sky;
While jealous mermaids wonder whence it come;
And seamews, as they sport upon the waves,
Hear it, and call their mates by that sweet name;
And I for ever hear within my heart
The murmur of her name borne from the sea.

Under the Yellow Flag

BY A. C. S.

"HOW are you? Came round to have a talk—if you're not too busy."

The man to whom this remark was addressed brought down his feet from the office table, sat up, and welcomed the new comer with a grip of the hand.

"Sit down, old fellow; glad to see you. You'll stay to tiffin? Khan Ali, pegs lao."

Wilton, of the Telegraph Department, did as he was told. Settled himself in a long chair, placed his topee on the ground, and accepted the proffered cheroot.

"Came in on business; something to do, you know. Can't stand the long, long day.' Bad enough in India, but it's a thousand times worse here. Got any ice?"

"Sorry the new machin'e smashed. These native fellows don't understand working it. Goolzad has promised to get another up from Bombay if we will guarantee to take a certain amount."

"You can put me down for any quantity you like. Life may be worth living in some latitudes, but it certainly isn't in Persia without ice."

Here a tall native appeared, bearing nectar in the shape of whisky and soda, and for a time silence obtained.

Topics of conversation were few in Bushire. With the thermometer one hundred in the shade—damp heat—any exercise of the brains is a weariness to the flesh. Besides, until the next mail arrived, every item of news had been worn threadbare.

Pelron, of Metz and Company's, placed his legs on the table again, and resumed his occupation of staring at the rafters.

Presently Wilton remarked—

"My brother is coming up next mail."

Arrivals were rare, so for the moment Pelron was interested.

"In the Indian Telegraph, isn't he?" he asked. "What on earth has induced him to come here for the hot weather?"

"You see we've never been separated all our lives. We were at school together, and came out to India together, and when I got transferred to this department, he said he'd apply to be sent here too. His application's just been granted, so he'll be up here to-morrow. I'm awfully glad to have him, but he'll find it rather a change from Poona."

"People never know when they're well off. I hated our place in Fenchurch Street, but I'd give a good deal now to have a little London fog and mud instead of all this sand and glare," and Pelron thought regretfully of the day on which he consented, in consideration of his salary being trebled, to represent the firm of Metz and Company in the Persian Gulf.

Another and longer pause, and then Wilton enquired:

"Had any news from Bussorah lately?"

"Absolutely none. Price of cotton going down, I believe."

"I saw in a private message that cholera had broken out; pretty bad, too, but it hasn't been officially reported yet."

"That means quarantine, I suppose; all one's letters smelling of some beastly fumigating stuff, and all the contents of one's parcels ruined."

"If they'd only keep to it, though," said Wilton, who had been out longer than Pelron and knew what cholera meant; "but three Persians evade all quarantine regulations, never come near Bushire town at all, but land at night in native boats lower down the coasts. One hasn't any hold over them."

"Oh, natives are such cowards, they die of anything," said Pelron, who imagined that the characteristics of all Eastern nations were the same. "You never catch anything if you're not afraid of it."

"There's a good deal in that, but still the bravest people don't always escape," said Wilton.

No more was said, till a welcome diversion appeared in the shape of Khan Ali with an attendant satellite to prepare tiffin.

Another weary hour was passed away in abusing Persian cookery, and then the two separated—Wilton to the telegraph offices, five miles away where he was on instrument duty all the evening, and Pelron to afternoon tea with Mrs. Seton, a pretty grass widow, whose husband braved the perils of the deep in an Indian marine ship. Wilton the younger arrived next day by the mail steamer; and cholera, though it was not mentioned in the passenger list, came a day later on board a native boat, in company with a crowd of ragged and filthy pilgrims.

When it was firmly established, the authorities ordered a rigid quarantine, on the principle of locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen.

People who went through that weary summer never forgot it. The heat was greater than had been known within the memory of man. The yellow flag waved gloomily over the town, and the natives died like sheep with the rot.

For a while no Europeans in the station were attacked, but one morning the flag half mast high from the telegraph flagstaff showed that a member of the community had died. It was Brown, a boy of seventeen, who had come out from the Manchester post office six months before. Too young and delicate to stand the climate, he had gone down before the first breath of sickness, and after eight hours' illness had died.

Brown's death was the first to break the little coterie who inhabited the top rooms of the large telegraph bungalow.

There were four of them—the two Wiltons, Brown and Cooper—who chummed together; three of these having known each other at home. Every evening they dined together in Brown's room, and wiled away the evening by playing cards and talking over prospects of promotion.

So Brown ceased from being, and the world went on its way; but in a few days' time the younger Wilton sickened, and, after some days' struggle between life and death, through which his brother nursed him devotedly, he died. His old Goanese servant, Pedro, who had been with him since he first landed in India, was terribly cut up by his young master's death. He went about shaking his grizzled head, and lamenting that it had not pleased the blessed Virgin to take him instead of the "chota Wilton sahib."

Finally the poor old man had recourse to the bottle to drown his grief, and by-and by succumbed to a mixture of heat, apoplexy and alcohol.

Just at this time Cooper received his long expected leave, and sailed away down the Gulf rejoicing that he had not left his bones to bleach in a strange land.

Wilton, sick of heart at his brother's death, left the deserted rooms and went to live in Pelron's bungalow, about half way between the telegraph buildings and town.

The upper part of the place was shut up, but one night Douglass, one of the clerks, going across to the office on duty, noticed a light in the upper story. Wondering who it could be he went up the stairs, and looking into the room saw, so he asserts, three players seated round the card-table. Two of them he saw distinctly, but the back of the third was turned towards him.

Frozen with horror he was unable to stir, and he saw the Wiltons' Goanese boy appear looking as he did in life, carrying a tray of refreshments. Then he made a desperate effort, and, hurrying away at the utmost speed, made straight for Jones' room, where he sank speechless into a chair, and could only be revived after many applications of another form of spirits.

Douglas recounted what he had seen in strict confidence to his greatest chum. "I shouldn't like poor old Wilton to hear about it, you know," he said; but in a very short time the story was common property of the station. The superintendent professed absolute disbelief, and let fall a remark that Douglas had probably been dining. Which remark being duly repeated to Douglas hurt his feelings deeply. He had never been more sober in his life, he declared, and he only hoped the superintendent might never behold the sight he had seen. The faces of those dead men playing cards would haunt him to his dying day.

The summer wore on its weary course. The pestilence increased, reached its zenith, and then mercifully waned, and when the end of September came, the cholera ceased. Although a great number of natives had died from it, no others had fallen victims.

The upper part of the telegraph bungalow remained uninhabited; no one would live there. The rooms had been allotted to three young fellows from India, country bred. They declined to inhabit the rooms, preferring the discomfort of chumming with their friends or the expense of a bungalow outside the buildings. Like the Frenchman, they did not believe in ghosts, but were horribly afraid of them.

Young Brown's goods and chattels were sold by auction, the proceeds being just sufficient to pay his bills. Pilron bought several of the things, amongst others a mirror, which he sent his servant to fetch away. The boy appeared in the evening carrying it, and in a state of agitation and alarm.

"Sahib," he began, "I have seen a dreadful sight. 'Inshallah' I may see no more such. I went into the room of Brown Sahib to fetch the mirror. It was nearly dark, but still enough light to make one's way. The room also was empty. I reached the thing down and turned to go, when behold there was a light, and I saw three dead Sahibs seated playing cards."

"Three dead Sahibs? What are you raving about? Two only died. What folly is this?"

"Three dead Sahibs I beheld, nevertheless. The face of the third was the face of the burra Wilton Sahib, but by Allah it was the face of a corpse."

"Son of a burnt father, go and see no more visions, and if I hear this nonsense repeated you shall have sticks."

"Sahib, I obey; but what is written is written."

"You look fagged, old fellow," remarked Pelron to Wilton a few days later, as the two sat at dinner. 'Get the doctor to give you a 'pick-me-up' of some sort. Thank the gods the heat is over at last."

Wilton certainly did look fagged and ill. There was a scared, hunted look in his eyes, too, like that of some trapped animal expecting its death-blow.

"It's not that," he said at last. "You'll only think me a fool if I tell you, but I shan't see the year out."

"Nonsense! Why, the heat's over, and so's the cholera. Quarantine taken off too, and every one beginning to live again."

"It isn't because of the heat or the cholera either. I knew it would come ever since poor Charlie died. We were never separated, you know, and he won't be happy without me. They want me to make up the rubber."

Pelron laid down his knife and fork and gave a whistle.

"Old boy, you're going off your head. For goodness sake, see the doctor at once."

"It's all very well; you may laugh as much as you like, Pelron"—Pelron had been never further from laughter in his life—"but there are 'more things in heaven and earth,' you know. It's all very well for you to be a materialist and all that, but some things you can't explain away. You know that story that Douglas told?"

"The impossible yarn spun by that idiot! He was probably half seas over at the time."

"And there isn't a servant or native anywhere who will go into those rooms after dark."

"Oh! if you've got to that, believing a native's word, you're in a bad way," said Pelron, with undisguised scorn.

"I tell you it was long before Douglas or anybody else said anything about those rooms. And as for believing a native's word, why, I know them as well as you do. What I'm going to tell you is Gospel truth, or I'll affirm it, if that seems more solemn to you. It was just about a week after poor Charlie's death, in the evening and dark, when something—I don't know what—made me walk past the bungalow. I didn't want to, but I felt impelled to go upstairs, and it was so dark I could hardly feel my way. Anyhow, I groped along till I reached Brown's room; I opened the 'chick' doors and went in. It was still pitch dark, but all of a sudden a light seemed to come in the middle of the room. I don't know what caused it, for there wasn't any lamp. Poor Charlie and Brown were sitting at the table, just as we used to sit, and there were two empty chairs, and behind stood old Pedro with the glasses. It looked so real that I forgot all about the cholera and stepped forward to take a hand, but Charlie said: 'Not yet! When the time comes we will send for you.' And then I saw that his eyes were fixed and his jaw dropped, just as on the night he died."

"Hallucinations! You had worked yourself into a fever, and capable of seeing any amount of visions."

"Hallucination or not, I saw it all distinctly. And that is not all; as I continued looking I saw myself sitting on one of the chairs, but I was dead too, and my eyes fixed like the others. My time will come soon. Every night I lie awake I wonder when they will send for me."

"No wonder, man, you see visions, and dream dreams if you lie awake. Sleeplessness is enough to account for every ghost under the sun. I'll give you some stuff the doctor made up for me the other day, and I'll engage you don't get any summons from the lower regions."

Wilton obediently took the sleeping draught and consented to see the civil surgeon, who prescribed him a course of quinine and iron. The autumn gave place to winter. The cold weather, just cold enough to make a good fire enjoyable, with its brilliant sunshine gave every one a new lease of life. Two gunboats stationed in the harbor did much towards enlivening society, and cricket-matches and riding-parties were the order of the day. Wilton continued to put up with Pelron, but since that night nothing further was said about his vision.

Indeed, he appeared to have completely forgotten it, and had quite recovered his spirits and health. He never mentioned his brother's name, and daily expected to have a year's furlough granted, eagerly making his plans as to how and where he should spend it.

The rooms in the telegraph bungalow, newly whitewashed and done up, were given to a fresh batch of telegraphists imported from home by the cable steamers, and the ghosts seemed effectually laid. At all events, nothing more was heard or seen of them.

One afternoon Pelron and Wilton, returning from a long ride, were walking their horses over the Maidan just outside Bushire town. They were busily discussing their prospects of success in the next day's cricket match—Bushire versus The Navy. Wilton, an enthusiastic cricketer, was expounding his theory that no bluejacket could ever be an expert bowler, when he suddenly stopped his horse, and left his sentence unfinished.

Pelron, a pace or two ahead, looked areund.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Wilton sitting motionless on his horse, gazed fixedly at the sea beyond the Maidan, and made no answer.

"Are you ill?" asked Pelron.

"Did you see him?" he answered, in a low voice.

"See whom?" said Pelron, looking around. "What are you talking about? There's nobody in sight."

They were in the centre of the Maidan not a soul was visible in that dreary expanse of sand, and there was no cover behind which a dog could hide.

"It's come at last," muttered Wilton to himself, and then aloud to his companion: "It was Pedro who stopped me; he took hold of my horse's bridle and said, 'Salaam, Sahib.'

Pelron looked at him closely, but he was still gazing far away into vacancy.

"Come on," he said. "We shall never reach Bushire at this rate."

No further words were spoken, and as soon as the town was reached, Pelron went to the civil surgeon's house. The doctor was out, so Pelron left a message asking him to come at his earliest convenience to have a look at Wilton, who was, he said, a bit "off color."

That night, soon after dinner, Wilton, who had been in the best of spirits, and had apparently forgotten the incident on the Maidan, said he was tired, and would go to bed.

"I want to be fit for the match to-morrow. Good night, old fellow."

An hour or so later the civil surgeon arrived, and after some talk and refreshment went to see Wilton. An exclamation a few seconds later brought Pelron to the room.

The bed had not been disturbed, and Wilton, fully dressed, was sitting in a chair.

"I found him like this," said the doctor; "he must have been dead at least an hour."

There was a post-mortem, at which two doctors from the gunboats in harbor assisted the civil surgeon. Being unable to find any cause whatever for Wilton's death, they, after much disagreement, gave it as their opinion that he had died of heart disease.

An English coroner's jury would probably have given it, "Died by the visitation of God."

Possibly there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dream t of" in our latter-day science.

After Five Years.

BY L. B.

MAUD VIVIAN had reached the age of twenty-four, and, since her eighteenth birthday, when she had been to her first real ball, her history had not been unlike that of many girls. The first year after she had left school she had thoroughly enjoyed; the dances, theatres, amusements of all sorts, had fully come up to her expectations. Life had seemed to her, despite her occasional troubles, most enjoyable, and she thought there were many years yet to come, in which she should still be able to enjoy herself.

Then the almost imperceptible change began! at first the pleasure she felt in all she was doing was only enhanced; there seemed to be an undercurrent of gladness running through her life, which had not been there before. Even her ordinary daily walks seemed more exciting now there was the chance of meeting Captain Tremayne, and even if she did not, there was the pleasure of hurrying home, to find him having tea with her mother, as was so often the case. After a while she stopped pretending to herself that his coming or going made no difference to her, and she prided herself on the fact that she had for a friend one so much wiser and cleverer than herself, and so much older—nearly twelve years, as she said to herself, with a little sigh of satisfied pride.

It takes so little to flatter a young girl. A deference to her opinions and wishes, which in all her school life she has never experienced; a little tenderness thrown into the manner, so different to the honest, outspoken affection of parents or brothers, and the mischief is done. With Maud Vivian such treatment awakened in her all the vanity lying dormant in her nature, and an altogether natural wish to talk to the person who made her feel superior to her ordinary self.

And the man, Captain Tremayne, what of him—was he to blame? Perhaps not altogether. To meet a young, fresh girl, full of pure, innocent belief in the world's goodness, is surely refreshing to a man tired of the hardening process, which has been going on in his soul for years. He did not realize what his protecting kindness might mean to a young girl, unaccustomed to the manners of the world. At first he did not know the mischief he was doing, and when he thought he saw there was danger for both of them in their daily intercourse, he tried to undo it in a man's usual, blundering way—flight, but it was too late.

It was one evening at a ball, they had wandered into a conservatory together, dimly lit with fairy lamps, and heavy with the perfume of flowers. Maud was leaning against a large palm fern, which threw quaint shadows on her delicate white dress, and a gentle air from some window stirred the straying chestnut curls lying softly on her forehead, which was as white as the rose she held in her hand.

Captain Tremayne glanced at the flower, and begged her to give it him. She gently laid it in his hand, and as he felt the touch, for once in his life he said words he had not intended to say. He held her hands in his and "Would to Heaven I had met you when I was younger," he cried, "I should have been another man, and how different everything might have been."

Maud, frightened at his vehemence, drew her hands away.

"You are right," he said bitterly, flinging them from him. "I am not fit to speak to you, let us go back to the ball-room."

The girl, chilled by his sudden change of manner, said nothing, and they turned slowly back to the glare and heat of the other room.

That night, before Maud closed her eyes, she thought, happily to herself, of his words, and with a tender smile on her lips fell asleep, wondering how soon they would meet again; and Captain Tremayne, as he took the rose from his buttonhole and tenderly placed it in a little note, the only one he had ever received from her, and locked it away, stood for a moment in thought, and then walked to the glass and gazed steadily at the face it reflected—the straight features, the heavy fair mustache, and the somewhat haggard, restless blue eyes, and lastly, as he turned away, he noted, almost mechanically, the self-will written unmistakably in the determined mouth and chin.

"Life has been too hard for me," he said. "If Beatrice had been like that child, I might have had more faith in women, but that is an old story now, and there is no reason why I should repay her unfaithfulness by causing this child pain, such as I have suffered. If I could afford to marry, I might still get some true happiness out of my life, though different in kind to that which I once thought, but I have no luck—ever——" With a touch of passion in his voice, "I had better not see her again, that is the only way."

So instead of the familiar form at teatable to welcome Maud when she entered the drawing-room, there was only her mother who said:

"Listen, I have had a note from Captain Tremayne, he has to go out of town for a fortnight, but he will come and see us directly he returns."

A vague uneasiness filled Maud's mind, but as the fortnight slipped away, she began to feel cheerfully expectant again, and even when another week had passed, and there had been two refusals to dinner, and a call when they were both out, she still made excuses for him in her own mind—it is so easy to make excuses for those we care for most—and then the blow fell.

A letter arrived one day to say he had been offered a five years' staff appointment in India, and was going to accept it, but he would come and say good-bye, in a week's time, before he sailed. Oh, that wretched week, which seemed to Maud sometimes too long, and then so much too short! Then the weary waiting through the long hours of that last afternoon, five o'clock, six o'clock, and, at last, the familiar knock, and it was all over in so few minutes. A brief history of his doings in the past month, and a slight sketch of his plans, and then there was a train to catch, and he was pressed for time. One warm pressure of the hand he was gone, and no remembrance to comfort the poor child at the loss of her friend, but the thought that his good-bye had been said with averted eyes, and a catch in his breath. A poor comfort, but at that moment she was too miserable to be proud, and any tiny crumb of consolation was a help.

* * * * * *

But now five years have passed since Maud Vivian said good-bye to Captain Tremayne. At first she had a hard struggle to banish him from the place he had held in her life, but she accomplished it bravely, and had her reward. Perhaps she had grown a little colder, and other men did not interest her as they once did; but she had not spoiled her life, she did not say she had lost faith in goodness, because one man had disappointed her, but she looked the facts of life bravely in the face, and as far as possible banished sentiment from her thoughts.

To-night, however, Maud is thinking, and thinking intentionally of Captain Tremayne. In her hand she holds his photo, and studies carefully each line of the well-known face, for to-night she will see him for the first time since their last hurried good-bye so long ago.

"Five years," she thought, "will it have altered him as much as it has altered me?" and she walked to the mirror and holding the candle above her head gazed long and earnestly at herself. "What lovely violets," turning suddenly to her maid, who entered with some flowers.

"From Mr. Lyle, Miss Vivian."

Maud fastened them into her dress, and five minutes later she entered the drawing room, a tall graceful figure in her clinging robe of pale green.

Captain Tremayne started as he saw her, hesitated for a moment and then came forward.

"Miss Vivian, surely? It is a long time since we met."

"Yes, five years, is it not?" and then dinner was announced and there was a general move.

With her hand on Mr. Lyle's arm she heard him saying how strange it was she should have known Captain Tremayne before, but she heard it as in a dream, for she had only room for one thought in her mind, bitter disappointment. The man who had just spoken to her was surely not the Captain Tremayne she had always pictured to herself as one who would make his mark in the world some day, the hero of her girlhood days.

After dinner as she sat talking to him, listening to his clever, smooth speeches, and noting the interested deference on his face as she spoke, she saw clearly in what had lain the fascination before, but as clearly she felt it was gone utterly and for ever, and again, almost instinctively, she glanced at that other figure standing just in the circle of light on the verandah, the steady eyes fixed on the star-lit sky, the active form leaning carelessly against the open glass door.

"That is a true, honest man," she thought, and she felt a feeling of shame, as if she had been disloyal to her earlier self, and if she had again been comparing, which perhaps, in her inmost heart, she had.

A week later and Maud was standing on the same verandah, but instead of looking at the stars, she leant over the railing and gazed at the shadowy garden with a sigh of relief.

"To-morrow," she murmured, "I shall have peace again. Captain Tremayne will be gone."

"What will happen then?" a quick passionate voice she heard behind her.

"I beg your pardon," she answered, raising herself to her full height. "I did not know you were there."

"So, as you thought you were alone you were congratulating yourself you would be safe from me after to-morrow. Do not deny it," as she would have spoken. "I know it. Listen to me," coming a step nearer, "before I go you shall answer me one question. You say you do not love me and that you never can or will, but," his voice taking a gentler tone, "tell me should I ever have had a chance if I had stayed in England five years ago, and wooed you patiently? Could I have taught you to love me then?"

"That is not a fair question, and quite impossible to answer. How can I know what I might have felt five years ago?"

For all answer he seized her hand and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"I believe it, I believe it," he cried, "and I have ruined the happiness of my life by my own folly. Hush," again preventing her from speaking, "I know now, even in my madness, it is better so; I am not worthy of you. So," suddenly, all the passion dying out of his voice, and speaking quite gently, "take that rose out of your hair—you wore one that evening five years ago, and give it to me as kindly as you did, and say after me, 'Good bye, Denis, God bless you!'"

She softly repeated the words, and pressing one kiss upon the hands he held, he turned and left her without another word. The next morning, wearied with a sleepless night, and longing for the fresh air to clear her tired brain, Maud wandered into the garden before breakfast, and down to the side of the burn, leaping and dashing over the rocks on its downward course. She leant against a tree and listened to its noisy murmur, which seemed to shut out all other sounds, and make the work-a-day world far off in some distant land.

Her face was a little paler than usual, and her eyes heavy, with dark rims under them. She looked at the sparkling water, the bright green of the grass, and the little clumps of heather, which seemed to have wandered from the distant moor, and settled quietly in this secluded spot, and she thought how pleasant the fresh air was after the rain, and how it had chased away the thundery feeling there had been in the air the evening before. She seemed to feel again the intense stillness of the heavy atmosphere, and to hear the stream of passionate words that had been poured into her unwilling ears; she looked again at the smiling scene, and the contrast struck her more forcibly than ever, when she was startled by the sound of steps trampling down the twigs. She started and looked back and thought of bonnie Charles Lyle with his gun over his shoulder, his fresh handsome face full of life and vigor, and his bright blue eyes, with such a tender light in them, as he saw her and stopped.

"Ah, Miss Vivian," he said, "you are just suited to a morning like this, you are just what was needed to complete the picture, and——" hesitating, "as I have found you here, I shall ask you a question which has been trembling on my lips for many days, but somehow I have not dared to ask it, the answer means so much to me. Do you think that ever in time to come you could manage to care for me just a little? I love you very much; do you think," very slowly, "you could ever learn to love me?"

"No," the answer came abrupt and sudden, with a break in her voice, "I could never learn to love you."

"Ah, well," sadly, "perhaps you may change your mind some day, and if you do, be sure you will always find me waiting," then struck by something in her face, he came a step nearer. "Are you sure you have not made a mistake?"

"Yes," very low, "I think there is a mistake."

"Maud," in a low voice, "do you mean there is no lesson to be learned in the future, but that you love me now?"

"Yes," she said again, stretching out her hands with a contented smile, "I think that is it."

Scientific and Useful.

SMALL LAMPS.—Small incandescent lamps; using secondary batteries weighing about half a pound, are used for night service in the German army. It has been suggested that they be used with balloons for signalling, and the bicycle corps use them in reconnoitering. The small accumulators have also been supplied to powder magazines and artillery depots.

TECTORIUM.—A peculiar substitute for window glass, known as "tectorium," has for some time been employed in Austria, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Russia as a covering for hot-houses, marquees, verandas, windows of factories, roofs of stores, etc. It is a special, insoluble, bichromated gelatine, translucent as opal glass, and incorporated in wire gauze.

DEEP SEA THERMOMETERS.—Thermometers made for taking the temperature in moderately deep waters have the tube incased in a copper cylinder to protect it from inquisitive fishes and from contact with rocks; there is a ring at the bottom to which sufficient weights may be attached to sink it readily. The cylinder has a long, narrow door in front of the scale, which may be opened for the reading, and this door closes with joints so tight that the cylinder brings up the water from the bottom with its temperature practically unchanged by the waters through which it passes.

FOR TELEPHONES.—Manager Fowler, of the Telephone Exchange, Ashland, Ky., has devised an ingenious attachment for telephones to be used in factories and shops where the amount of noise makes it almost impossible to hear the call bell of the instrument. It consists of a steam whistle which is turned on by means of a lever operated by magnetism. When the instrument is called from the exchange, the bell rings as usual, and by the electric current passing through a magnet weight is released which pulls the lever to the whistle. Once started, the whistle keeps up its shrill note until some one answers the call and turns off the steam, which is done by simply replacing the weight.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS OR TREES.—When watering plants or trees put on sufficient to soak the soil about the roots thoroughly. A superficial sprinkling starts a superficial growth of new rootlets, which a hot sun may easily kill.

THE BEE.—A honey bee, instead of a carrier pigeon, for carrying a letter is a new idea. An English beekeeper has been training bees for this purpose. The insect is taken away from the hive, a letter printed by micro-photography is gummed to its back, and it is sent on its journey carrying the miniature message.

SEED.—There is such a thing as the deterioration of seed, and it is a matter which should not be overlooked. It would be well to get a new seed occasionally from elsewhere, but care should be taken to know whether the variety is suitable for the soil and climate where it is to be grown. It will not do to make a change of seed unless done intelligently, and with a knowledge of all the conditions essential to success.

FERTILIZERS.—An experiment with fertilizers is more instructive when practiced on the farm than at the experiment station. Five dollars expended on a small plot of ground in the use of fertilizers on selected crops or plants will enable the farmer to learn facts that may save him hundreds of dollars, as well as largely increase his yields. The only way to break off from old practices and improve, without incurring risk, is to experiment.

SAWDUST.—The common objection to using sawdust for bedding, that it is not a good thing to have it mixed with the manure pile, does not apply to its use for bedding for pigs. The pig is the most cleanly of all animals in not soiling his bedding with his own excrement. Sows with pigs will bunch up their straw bedding and then lie on it so as to destroy them. This they cannot do when sawdust bedding is used. The pigs are always cleanly and the sawdust helps to keep them free from vermin, which often attacks them where straw bedding is used.

LUNG COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c., are speedily relieved and if taken in time, permanently cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. You will find in it also a certain remedy for coughs and colds.

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Of Personal Health.

Health is not, as we understand it, something superadded to the life and self experience of body and mind, but life and self-experience of both body and mind without any felt hindrance from weakness or disorder of either part of the being. It is a purely relative term. What is health to one may be disease, or at least incapacity, to another individual. It is therefore necessary to speak of "personal health" as a condition or state which, while it is doubtless governed by general laws, cannot be defined in the abstract. It is important to bear this in mind when laying down what are termed maxims of health.

What is one man's meat may be another man's poison; and those only are wise who, in seeking to conform to what they believe to be the general laws of health, concern themselves with the principles, rather than the practice, set out for their guidance. Nevertheless there are certain broad lines of policy as to the requirements of the body and mind that deserve to be pressed on the consideration of the community more strongly than they have hitherto been urged, while the principles which rule them are, at the same time, clearly explained.

Personal health is the first concern of man as a participator of the life which now is; but it is not "by taking thought" in an inordinate or unduly anxious fashion that he can hope to live long or well. The best way to live well is to work well. Good work is the daily test and safeguard of personal health. We do not mean "over-work," or "under-work," or making a great show, but doing what we have to do "with our might"—that is, earnestly and with energy, bringing the powers of mind and body to bear on the task as though it were worth doing, and therefore worth doing thoroughly well.

If those who desire health for themselves and their families would only live in closer conformity with the laws and instincts of an intelligent life, they would secure a larger share of that greatest of all blessings, "personal health," and hand down a better heritage of habit, inclination and appetite to those who are destined to be their successors, and whose destiny they must help to shape.

Personal hygiene is in two senses personal. It is hygiene of the person, and, in a special and almost pure sense, personal in its scope and possibilities. We have insisted on the importance of avoiding undue carefulness for the health of the body and mind. By a fidgety and timid policy of self-preservation the life may be so embittered that it ceases to be worth living. By too much introspection the consciousness may, so to say, be made to devour itself. These are evils and dangers against which it is needful to question.

Meanwhile something must be said on the other side of the question. Neglect is only less injurious to the body and mind than excess in precaution. The practised aim should be to live orderly and natural lives, and to leave contingencies to be met by the force and strength of those safeguards by which the physical and mental being is surrounded by the collateral effects of its own systematic and habitual healthiness.

If the eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light. If the life be pure, the whole nature will be full of health and in a persistent state of bodily and mental soundness. Health-preservation does not so much consist in the avoidance of disease as in the establishment of a state to which disease is foreign, and by which the invasion of disease will be resisted.

We were not intended to pick our way through the world trembling at every step, but to walk boldly, secure in the confidence that "a sound mind in a sound body" is able to triumph over all ordinary difficulties as well as to surmount the perils it cannot escape by avoiding them. Disorder is the first departure from health in every function, and it is against this departure the life should be most resolutely guarded. The way to protect ourselves from this danger is to make the whole life orderly and to keep it so. Some nervous folk make the mistake of supposing that an orderly life must be a life "by rule." How opposed their assumption is to the principle illustrated throughout nature should be apparent on the most general observation.

There is nothing like uniformity in the material world. Diversity of form and color characterizes the face of nature; and, with all the rhythm and order we discern in the customs and processes of nature, there is no apparent sameness or monotony. There are no "vain repetitions." Enough of individualism presents itself in every stage of a natural life to redeem the commonest experiences of healthy life from the reproach of being monotonous.

When man with his fancy views of the reign of law tries to establish order, he resorts to a process of government by rule; and, whether the subject of his control be himself or those around him, he incurs the irksome and enervating influence of monotony. Nothing can well be more directly opposed and even antagonistic to the conditions of health than a severe austerity. Take the buoyancy and spring that result from expectancy out of life, and existence becomes a labor and an exhausting toil. The mill-horse round of duty and relaxation a life "by rule" entails is in itself unhealthy.

It is pitiful to watch the weary progress of the valetudinarian who in his misconception of order self-imposes a "rule." The only marvel is that life should be practicable under a regime which admits neither of hope nor of emotion, but withal is full of unceasing solicitude what to eat, to drink, and to put on. The life of the body is squandered in the energy bestowed on the ordering of its food and raiment.

The problem of health is to live easily and happily, without worry about self, and with such happiness as consists in taking the world and life as we find them—neither grieving over-much for sorrows, nor revelling too eagerly in so-called enjoyments. Those approach most nearly and safely to the solution of the problem who so live as not of the world, and yet as placed in it and passing through it with a keenly sensitive appreciation of the opportunities life affords, and the benefit and self-improvement to which, when rightly used, it always ministers.

We are not sent into this world to be miserable, nor was life given us to be wasted in melancholy regrets for its emptiness and wants and weaknesses. Another great point is to make the best of what may be vouchsafed us rather than to pile up an agony of regret in manifold mournings over disappointment. If we have little health, let us make the most of it, instead of frittering away what we have in lamentations poured out on the score of its littleness. One of the considerations which should be suggested by the reflection that health is personal is that both the opportunity and the responsibility for its maintenance are personal.

We hear a great deal about public measures for the preservation of health, and of the obligations which rest on the State and the community. Let us think more of our share of the burden. Every man may be relatively healthy—that is, healthy up to the limits of his physical and mental organization—if he will; and the way to reach that level is to live naturally, wisely, and as commonsense and instinct combine to guide the judgment, with neither extreme carefulness nor extreme carelessness, but the mean of intelligent reasonableness and independence which lies midway between the two.

WHEN we meet persons who seem to be endowed with goodness, we wait, and if, after waiting, we find that they are what they seem to be, whether the goodness is native to them, or whether it is implanted in them by Divine grace—if we find that their bent is happiness producing—if we find that they are just the same under trials and temptations as under other experiences—we cannot, no matter who we are or what we are, help admiring their character, and feeling its power. It is more than a sermon; it is more than a rebuke, it is more than anything that comes in the shape of expository truth.

THE mind of children is the tenderest, holiest thing this side of heaven. And is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love, yea, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures; a being fresh from the source of light, with something of universal lustre in it; if childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other!—to stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.

CONSTANT and persevering effort is the best cure for an unhealthy self-depreciation. He who thinks he can accomplish nothing, and makes no endeavor, will soon destroy whatever abilities he may possess, indolence and self-disparagement go hand in hand and act each on the other. But noble aims and steadfast industry will give a truer estimate of self and its powers; and they in turn will rapidly develop a well-grounded self-confidence.

POLITENESS costs nothing; it is very agreeable to other people; and, more than this, it pays. Wherever any one goes, he should make his best bow, look as well as he can, and be as attentive to others as is consistent with modesty and dignity; and, by so doing, he will gain friends. Give a man friends enough, and one may venture to say that his fortune is made.

ARISTOTLE considers friendship as of three kinds—one arising from virtue, another from pleasure, and another from interest—but justly determines that there can be no true friendship which is not founded on virtue.

THE most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigor with humanity.

THE cheerful live longest in life, and, after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshot of goodness. It is a sanitary principle as well to the body as to the mind, and is to both the cause and effect of health.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—Gladys is the Welsh form of Claud, which means "lame." The Emperor Claudius was so well known in Britain from his conquests there, and the number of his freedmen, that his name was much adopted.

L'ALLEGRO.—

Call him up that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,

and the following lines, allude to Chaucer, in whose Squieres Tale are to be found the characters of Cambuscan, Algarsife, Canace and her ring and glass. The poem breaks off abruptly. Cam'bus can, or Cam bus'can, is a King of Tartary taken by Chaucer from Marco Polo's travels, where he figures as Cambuin Khan, or Can. The quotation is applied, being easily remembered from its sonorous lines, to any unfinished work. "I have still beadde me," said Tom Moore, "the beginnings of several stories, which, after a vain endeavor to work up, I threw aside like the tale of Cambuscan, 'left half told.'" Most authors have these unfinished works. Dickens left Edwin Drood and Thackeray the story of Duval half finished.

X. Y. Z.—If there were no other objection to the "Bloomer" costume, it would probably be enough to make those who adopted it lay it aside again that it made them look remarkably small. This is a very noticeable result. The dress now worn by women gives them height and bulk, so that by the side of men there is little difference noticeable. If they dressed as proposed, the difference in stature would be marked, and at once strike them as disadvantageous. We do not think this "effect" has been thought of. We are willing to concede that there are sanitary considerations and matters of general and personal convenience which may be urged in favor of the "Bloomer" dress, or rather a modification of that worn in the East; but the subject is not one that seems likely to be advanced by discussion. "Reforms" or changes of this class, if they are to be accomplished, need to be carried out slowly and quietly.

BONES.—If you feel quite well and are strong and active, you need not worry because you are thin. It is impossible to make all constitutions conform to the same rules. One man may be fed much or fed little, may take exercise or be lazy, and all the same he will be lean; while another is fat however he lives. Because you read that a man of a certain height and age ought to be of a certain weight, you need not necessarily be alarmed because you fall below that weight. Some of the wiriest and strongest people are thin. That your weight is a stone and a half below that of the average man of your height would be a subject for disquietude if it had come about through rapid wasting; but we infer from your letter that thinness is natural to you. It is better to be thin than to be fat, if you are also strong and well. The people who live to a vigorous old age are usually spare. Do not think about your leanness, but settle down into a contented married life, and be thankful you have health, although the rounded curves of beauty may not be yours.

REDROSE.—Manners, conversation, turns of speech are the natural expression of character; and character is a slow growth moulded by our surroundings, our thoughts, reading, and individual effort. Similarly it is almost impossible to get sure guidance to calling. A youth fancies he would like to follow some occupation; but such likings are usually only whims. His friends may judge by general indications, such as whether he is fond of books, or whether he is fond of bargaining, or whether he has mechanical ingenuity, that it would be advisable for him to follow one or other group of occupations; but he can discover his true bent only by experience; and in many instances men find their true work after the days of their apprenticeship. The secret of success is that a man should do the work that he relishes. But he can only gradually discover what that work is. All that parents can do is to put their children to a general department of work that suits their tastes. The bookish boy, for example, may have his head put towards school-mastering, and he may arrive at the pulpit, or scientific work, or journalism. We can never hope to start young fellows from the beginning on exactly their right track.

J. G. A.—Surely the strong feeling of self-respect which is cherished by the questioner must render him sufficiently self-reliant to refuse overtures to drink. We have no patience—and rest assured society has no reverence—for the man who cannot say "No," and hold to it with courteous firmness. It is a great and strange mistake to suppose a man compliments his friends or raise himself in their estimation by yielding. They may laugh at the moment and seem pleased, but contempt is the real feeling. If any one of the "tempters" resolved to abstain, he would, he feels sure, be able to carry out that intention, and in his heart now thinks himself a better and stronger minded man than his yielding dupe. We know no more humiliating confession than that made of inability to refrain. Poor feeble soul, do not think you have awakened any other feeling than one of pity by this appeal! It is an unmanly avowal. The man who must needs take the pledge to make him refrain, to give him an excuse to plead for refusing drink, is a being to be commiserated. We do not wish to seem harsh or unkind, but there is too much of this sort of thing in the world. You know you are better and happier when you observe proper moderation. Act on that knowledge—show that you have at least spirit enough to control your own appetites.

NIGHT.

BY H. J. B.

The stars are forth; the moon above the hills
Falls softly on the sea in bands of light.
I linger still with Nature; such a night
Is dear to me. A sleepy murmur fills
The balmy air, as if a hundred rills
Stole over pebbly ways. None may intrude—
I would be safe in this sweet solitude
Where south winds, rushing warm, soft dews distill,
In yon high arch, where every cloud is furled
In dim and solitary loveliness,
I read the language of another world
More beautiful, which moon and stars confess—
I note the presence of a Power divine,
Which I can feel yet cannot all define.

A Faithful Friend.

BY S. U. W.

It was an ideal summer day, clear and bright and warm. The sky was blue and cloudless, the sun was shining brightly, and the air was laden with the scent of roses; all nature rejoiced in the warmth and light and beauty of summer.

The grounds of Damer Court, a fine old place situated in the South of England, were crowded with guests, for Colonel and Mrs. Damer were giving a monster garden-party in honor of the coming of age of their eldest son and heir. The fete had been preceded by a dinner to the tenants and employes, and was to be followed by a ball; and the hospitable owners of Damer Park had spared neither trouble nor expense to make the festivities a great success.

A little apart from the gay crowd two people were pacing slowly up and down a narrow shady walk, talking earnestly. The young man in tennis flannels, with dark blue cap blazer, was Maurice Damer, the hero of the hour, and the girl at his side was Nell Treherne, the only child of the Vicar of Elmsdale, in which village the home of the Damers was situated.

Maurice Damer was good-looking, tall, and broad-shouldered, with a handsome boyish face, lazy expressive dark eyes, and crisp dark hair that would have curled had it not been cropped almost as close as that of a convict's. Nell Treherne was tall and slender, with golden brown hair and grave contemplative gray eyes; she could not be called pretty, but few people were proof against the charm of her sweet serious face and winsome smile.

The friendship that existed between these two was a friendship of no ordinary kind; it had grown with their growth, and was a part of their being. There had never been a time in their remembrance when they had not shared their griefs and pleasures, when Maurice had not confided his hopes and ambitions, his faults and failings, to Nell's sympathetic ears, when she had not cheered and encouraged, advised and restrained him.

"I feel very jolly to day, Nell!" the young man was saying, as they strolled side by side between the tall lime-trees. "Life looks uncommonly bright to me at this moment, I can tell you!"

Nell looked up with soft sympathetic eyes.

"I should think so," she said; "you are so lucky, Maurice!"

"Lucky, indeed!" he laughed lightly. "If I don't make a good thing out of life it will be my own fault; a fellow who made a mess of it, with such a start as I have had, would deserve to be horsewhipped! It's a fine thing to be young and strong, with any amount of money, and nothing to do but enjoy oneself—eh, Nell?"

"Nothing to do with enjoy oneself!" she echoed. "Do you think that that is the right way to look at life?"

"Why, of course I do!" he answered, in some surprise. "How else, in the name of goodness, would you have me look at it?"

She put out her hand and touched his arm lightly.

"Maurice, I want to talk to you seriously. This is your twenty-first birthday—you are now a man—and, on the strength of it, I am going to read you a little lecture."

"Well, read away!" he returned good humoredly. "I never mind being lectured by you, you know; you may always say just what you please to me, and can trust me to take things as they're meant. What should I do without you, Nell? To whom do I turn for help and sympathy and advice whenever I feel the need of such things? Why, to you, of course?"

Nell smiled, with a wistful tenderness in her eyes as she gazed at the eager boyish face above her; and even as she smiled she sighed.

"I know it," she said gently, "and I like to know it. I prize our friendship more dearly than anything on earth; but sometimes, Maurice—sometimes I can't help wishing that I had more influence over you."

"More influence!" he echoed. "More influence, did you say, Nell? Why, what a greedy child you must be! Don't you know that you influence my every thought and action—that you can turn me round your little finger, and can persuade me to do almost anything?"

She shook her head.

"I don't doubt for a moment that my influence is strong—when I am with you. But when you are away from me—what then?"

He looked straight into her eyes as he answered promptly—

"I never forget you, Nell—never! And your influence always remains with me—upon my word it does! I am not perfect—far from it; but this one thing I can tell you honestly—the memory of you has often kept me straight, when, without it, I might have gone wrong. I wouldn't do anything that would make you feel ashamed of me!"

"I believe you," Nell said, in a low tone—"I do believe you, Maurice; but sometimes I am fearful for you and for your future."

"Fearful, Nell? And why? I don't see why you should be. My dear, you take things too seriously, and think too much of the little scrapes I occasionally get into. You must remember that I haven't yet had time to sow my wild oats."

"I do remember, and I take your escapades for what they are worth. I know that a man must sow a certain amount of wild oats; and it seems to me far better to sow them early than in later life. But still I am afraid for you, Maurice; you are so wilful and headstrong, so wild and reckless."

His eyes softened with tenderness as they met hers.

"I may be all those things," he said; "but a word from you always restrains me."

"But I am not always at hand to speak the word. The world is full of temptations and with most of them you will have to battle alone. It seems to me that you are in danger of growing to trust too much to the power of my influence to keep you straight and too little to your own strength of will, your own sense of right and wrong. The time is coming when my influence can no longer be to you all that it has been; you are a man now, and, a man can't look to a woman for everything."

"Well, not for everything, perhaps," said Maurice dubiously, "but for a good deal. And you will never fail me—will you, Nell?"

"Never, Maurice! Come what may, I shall always stand by you. You need never be afraid to come to me."

"Then I don't care two straws for anything else," he said, laughing lightly. "Come, Nell—don't lecture me any more, there's a good girl! Remember that this is a day that only comes once in a fellow's life."

"It is because it only comes once that I want you to take it seriously, and make it a stepping-stone to better things," said Nell, with gentle persistence. "Maurice, don't be cross; let me say what I like. I shouldn't be your friend, you know, your true and faithful friend, if I didn't put these things plainly before you. When you leave Oxford, what are you going to do?"

"Time enough to think of what when I do leave," Maurice replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Why, I shall be 'up' for another year."

"You ought to think now; wasted time can never be redeemed, and I don't want you to waste a moment of your life. I have set my heart upon a great career for you; I mean you to make a name for yourself."

"You will be disappointed, I am afraid," said the young man, with a smile that was not altogether mirthful. "For Heaven's sake, Nell, don't exalt me into a hero; I have not the making of a great man in me! You had better take me as I am, and make the best of me."

She stopped, and laid her hand upon his arm, looking earnestly into his face.

"Promise me that you will do your best," she said. "If you do your best, I know you won't fail. Promise, Maurice—promise—for my sake!"

The young man seemed infected by Nell's earnestness, and he put his hand over hers as he answered gravely—

"All right, Nell—I promise! I would promise more than that for your sake."

"I want no more," she said; "do your best—that is all that I ask." She paused, still looking up at him, and before her clear and steady gaze Maurice felt troubled and a little abashed. "Do your best," she said again; "and, whether you succeed or fail, come back to me. Remember that I shall always be, as I always have been, your faithful friend."

"I believe you, Nell," said Maurice; "and I promise that I will do my best to live up to your standard. If I fail, it won't be my fault. Now don't you think you've lectured me long enough, and that a change of subject will be pleasant? How many waltzes are you going to give me to-night?"

Nell smiled.

"I don't know," she answered, in a lighter tone. "How many are you going to ask for?"

"Well, of course, you know I should like to ask for every one, if I dared; but I suppose I must not—eh, Nell?"

She smiled again and shook her head.

"Well, not exactly."

"No—I suppose not; and there are also many duty-dances that cannot be shirked."

"The hero of the hour must divide his favors."

"Yes; and, in spite of a few inconveniences, it's uncommonly jolly to be the hero of the hour!" laughed Maurice. "It's awfully jolly, too, to feel that one has all one's life before one—years—years in which to live and be happy!"

Nell looked at him as he stood by her side, young and strong and handsome, with the eager light of youth and hope and happiness shining in his eyes.

"Well, I hope you may always feel as you do to-day; I hope—— Why, what is the matter? What can have happened?"

She broke off suddenly and looked round in surprise. Everything seemed changed. The gay crowd was breaking up into little groups, people were talking anxiously in undertones, while all eyes were turned towards Maurice.

"What can have happened?" Nell asked again; and the delicate color faded from her cheeks. "Oh, Maurice, let us go and see!"

At that moment a footman, running quickly across the lawn, approached them, and the guests drew aside to let him pass.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, as he came up to Maurice, "come to the house at once! The Colonel had taken ill a few minutes ago; and they say he's dead!"

Maurice grew very pale, and drew back a step, staring at the man as if he did not quite take in the sense of the words he had heard. In the bewilderment of the moment he looked instinctively at Nell, as if seeking her help and sympathy.

She drew nearer to him and slipped her hand into his.

"Let me come with you, Maurice," she said; "if there is any trouble, let me help you to bear it."

* * * * * *

In the drawing-room at Elmsdale Vicarage—a bright cheerful room, with a large French window opening on to a pretty old-fashioned garden—Nell Treherne was sitting two months later. A piece of fancy-work lay in her lap; but she was not working—she was lost in anxious and perplexing thought. Her smooth brow was puckered into a frown; the color had faded from her cheeks, and her face looked pale and worn; her eyes too were wistful and very sad.

As she sat thus, looking dreamily out over the sunlit garden all aglow with summer flowers, her thoughts wandered to the day on which Maurice Damer had come of age, and again and again she reviewed the scenes that had been enacted there. Once more, in fancy, she wandered through the gardens, with Maurice by her side; once more she looked into the handsome boyish face and listened to his eager hopeful words.

Then the scene changed, and she was standing in the library, listening to the hurried broken tale that Maurice poured into her ears. Once more, as in a dream, she heard that Colonel Damer was dead from heart disease, the end having been accelerated by a sudden shock. And then the shock—— Ah—that was the worst part of all! She shuddered as she recalled it, and as she remembered the look on Maurice's face when he told her that, while the festivities were at their height, a telegram had been put into his father's hand announcing the total failure of a speculation in which he had been persuaded to invest nearly the whole of his capital.

Well, that was two months ago; and everything was now changed. Damer Court had been sold to an old friend of the Colonel's; and from the sum realized by the sale of the estate, together with the little that was saved from the wreck of the Colonel's fortune, after all claims were settled and all debts paid, an income of about three hundred a year was secured for Mrs. Damer. Out of this small sum she would have to feed, clothe, and educate her four younger children, none of whom were old enough to help themselves.

Maurice, the eldest, was to make his own way in the world. With some difficulty, through the influence of a distant cousin, he had obtained a post as clerk to a Melbourne firm, and thither he was going at once, to begin his uncongenial work. That afternoon he was coming to the Vicarage to say "Good bye"—certainly for years, perhaps for ever.

At any moment Nell might hear his footstep in the hall, at any moment she might be called upon to take his hand for the last time and bid him "God speed." As she sat waiting for him, she tried hard to conquer her womanly weakness, and to summon up courage wherewith to face bravely the ordeal that lay before her; but it was hard—bitterly hard!

Presently the door-bell rang; then came the longed-for yet dreaded sound of Maurice's footstep in the hall, and a moment later he was in the room.

Nell turned and looked at him.

"So you have come," was all she could find to say.

"Yes," he answered gravely—"I have come."

He came forward and took her hand, then stood silently by her side looking out over the garden.

She looked at him and she sighed, for the change that had taken place in him within the past two months was but too apparent to her. The handsome face was pale, worn, and lined, the bright dark eyes had lost their old light of youth and hope, the pleasant voice had lost its merry, light-hearted, boyish ring. Only one months ago he was a boy—a merry, eager, hopeful boy—without a care in the world; now he was about to take the burden of a man's responsibilities and duties upon his shoulders.

A flood of bitter sweet memories rushed tumultuously into Nell's heart, and she turned abruptly away.

"Oh, Maurice," she cried, in a broken voice—"oh, Maurice!" Her voice roused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. He awoke from it with a start and looked gravely round the room, taking in each familiar detail with sad, longing eyes.

"Nell," he said—and his voice thrilled strangely—"until this moment I had not realized how hard it would be for us to say 'Good-bye'!" He knelt down by her side and took both her hands in his firm strong clasp. "Nell," he went on, looking at her wistfully, "can you realize that I have come to say 'Good-bye' to you—that after to-day perhaps we may never meet again?"

Her eyes rested with loving tenderness upon his upturned face.

"Yes," she said sadly.

"I realize it all. It—it is very hard!"

"We have spent so many happy days together"—looking earnestly at her. "Think of our walks, our rides, our talks; ever since we were children we have been everything to each other. We have never been separated for more than three months; but now we may be separated for a lifetime."

Nell put out her hand with a pathetic gesture of appeal.

"Don't," she said tremulously—"oh, don't! I have thought of it all."

"No more walks, no more rides, no more talks!" he went on. "Oh, Nell, how can we bear it? We have been so much to each other that it seems hardly possible for us to live apart."

"It will be hard; but what must be must be. There is no use in fighting against fate."

"'Man is man, and master of his fate,'" Maurice quoted absently. "I am not master of my fate, or it would not take me from you."

"You are too young!" said Nell, gently stroking his dark hair. "My poor Maurice, you are only a boy now, but you have the making of a great and good man in you, and I do not doubt but that, in a few years' time, you will be master of your fate."

Maurice shook his head.

"I don't know," he said despondently—"I don't know. All the good that is in me comes to the surface when I am with you—you have a knack of making me feel better and stronger—but away from you it may be a different matter. Your influence has done so much for me—far more than you will ever know—and, when I am removed from it, I may go altogether to the bad."

Neil looked at him with wistful eyes; she felt the same fear, though she dared not give utterance to it. She knew his headstrong passionate nature so well that she could not but tremble for his future.

"You mustn't talk like that," she said gently—"you must never allow yourself even to think of such things. Though we are separated, we can still be everything to each other. I shall write to you by every mail; and you must write to me and tell me everything. However far apart we may be, I can still be, as I always have been, your faithful friend."

"That thought will be my only comfort."

"You must tell me everything in the future, just as you have done in the past. Promise, Maurice—promise that you will keep nothing from me, but will always turn to me for help and advice and sympathy. Unless you make that promise, and keep it, our friendship will be of no value."

"I promise, with all my heart!" said Maurice, with a melancholy smile. "And you need not be afraid of my breaking my word. I shall never deceive you, Neil; whatever comes, I shall never stoop to that. I will always tell you everything, and ask your advice; and, so long as I am strong enough, I will do what you tell me to do."

"So long as you are strong enough!" she echoed. "Do I set you tasks beyond your strength? Am I so very hard upon you?"

"You are the truest and best woman that ever lived!" he tenderly. "Ah, Neil, if there were more women like you, men would be different, and the world would be a better place!"

After this there was a long silence. Maurice still knelt by Neil's side, his head resting upon her knee; with one hand she stroked his hair, while the other was clasped in his. Their thoughts were occupied with the past, and their hearts were filled with sorrow and regret; their feelings were too deep for words. The past, with its glorious wealth of hope, undimmed by fear or care, lay behind them; the golden years, through which they had been all in all to each other, had already fled like a tale that is told, and only the memory remained; the present held nothing but sadness, while the future was vague and misty, clouded by doubt and overshadowed by sorrow.

It was a bitter moment for both—in all their life they had not known one so bitter.

They were both young, and therefore intolerant of pain and sorrow, feverishly anxious to be glad and happy. Comfort and happiness might yet come to Maurice and Neil; behind the clouds of the present the sun of the future was shining; but they could not see it, and therefore their hearts were heavy. Present sorrow blinded their eyes to future gladness; and, when the time came for them to say "Good bye," they found the task almost beyond their strength.

* * * * *

Ten years later, and a sultry August day was drawing slowly to its close; a pleasant breeze had sprung up, which wandered restlessly over the tired earth, raising the heads of the fainting lilies and whispering soft love tales to the blushing roses. In the west the sun still lingered; but its glory was fast fading, and soft gray clouds seemed to be drawing him nearer to their embrace.

The drawing room windows of Elmsdale Vicarage were uncurtained and open on this evening to the sweet fresh air. The fading sunlight streamed into the room, falling in a slanting bar of wavering light upon the simple folds of Neil's white gown and turning to gold her soft brown hair.

As, ten years ago, she had sat by the window waiting for Maurice, so she sat now; but then it was to say "Good bye," while now she was waiting to bid him welcome. For he had come home again, and was now a rich and successful man. His ten years of toil had not been wasted, and by steady hard work and perseverance he had risen step by step until he was now a partner in the firm which he had formerly served as clerk.

Having attained to this position, his first thought had been of the old country and the dear ones he had left behind, and as soon as possible he had made arrangements for a trip to England. His first visit, of course, had been to his mother; and, after that, he had gladly accepted Mr. Treherne's pressing invitation to spend a week at Elmsdale.

At last the day on which he was expected had come, and Neil awaited his arrival with mingled feelings. As she sat by the window looking out into the garden, her thoughts went back to the last time she had seen him, and she wandered how he would have changed since that day. Then he was a boy, a willful headstrong boy, accustomed to a life of luxury and ease and self-indulgence, knowing only by heresay of the trials and temptations that await those who press forward to the front of the battle of life.

What would he be like now? Since that day he had been brought face to face with the stern realities, he had known toil and privation, temptation and trouble, disappointment and doubt and care.

He had succeeded in the end; but his term of probation had been severe and painful, and Neil could not but fear that, in the struggle for wealth, he might have thrown away the best and truest part of his manhood.

She almost felt as though she was waiting to welcome a stranger. His letters, since their parting, had been regular and comprehensive; in every difficulty he had, as of old, appealed to her. But correspondence had been but a poor substitute for personal intercourse, and she could not but feel that a gulf of ten years lay between them.

At last a carriage drove up to the door. Then came the sound of voices as Mr. Treherne brought his guest into the hall; then Neil heard her father go into his study and close the door, while Maurice approached the drawing room alone.

Neil rose hurriedly and turned the door, putting her hand on the back of a chair to steady herself. The man who entered paused for a moment on the threshold, looking at her with eyes that held a world of tenderness, then hastened forward with a glad cry.

"At last, Neil—at last!"

The bright happy color came swiftly into her cheeks as she felt the firm clasp of his hands on hers and looked up into the strong handsome face all aglow with joy and tenderness.

"Oh, Maurice," she said, "the years have seemed so long—so long!"

He drew her nearer to the light, looking at her with intense earnestness, feasting his eyes upon the sweet face that he had so often longed to see.

Time had dealt gently with her; she bore but few traces of the ten years that had passed. Her face was older and graver, but, at the same time, it was sweeter; and the clear childlike eyes were unchanged. To Maurice she was still, as she had always been, the fairest among women, a pearl beyond price.

"You are just the same, Neil," he said joyfully—"thank Heaven, you are just the same! I almost dreaded to see you—I was so afraid that you might have changed in some way; but you are just the same."

"And you," Neil said, smiling, "are very little changed. You may be older and graver, stronger and more patient, a man instead of a boy; but to me you are still the same Maurice."

"You don't know," he went on, his grasp tightening, "how I have looked forward to this meeting! It is ten years since we parted; and during that time there has never been an hour when I have not thought of you and longed to see you again. I have never forgotten you for an hour, Neil."

"Nor I you!" she said softly. "Ah, Maurice, if you have thought and longed and remembered, so have I!"

"If I had forgotten," he continued, still looking down at her with wistful tenderness, "I wonder where I should be now? Not here—most certainly not here. There have been many occasions when the memory of you has kept me straight, when your words have led me to choose right instead of wrong—when I have slipped, and should have fallen but for you. If you had thrown me over and deserted me, I could never have risen as I have risen; but you always stood by me. You have been my good angel, Neil!"

Neil's eyes were glistening with happy tears and a tremulous smile played round her mouth.

"Say rather your faithful friend," she said—"that is what I have tried to be; and, if I have succeeded, I am happy."

"My faithful friend!" he repeated tenderly. "Yes—you have been that, and more than that."

Neil looked dreamily out of the window, and a faint sigh, born of the intense happiness of the moment, escaped her lips. Neither of them ever forgot that moment; through all their after-life they looked back tenderly to the time when, "after long grief and pain," they stood once more together, hand in hand, and forgot all their sorrows in the joy of reunion.

"Neil," Maurice went on, in his strong tender tones, "will you promise always to be my faithful friend, always to stand by my side and lead me upward!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, of course—I have always promised that!"

"Yes, yes, my dear—I know; but now I want you to promise more than you have ever promised before." He paused, looking at her lovingly. "Will you marry me, Neil?" he said softly. "I have come all this way to ask you this one question, for it was far too important to be intrusted to a letter. Will you return with me when I go back, and share my life?"

Neil drew back, startled and confused, too utterly unprepared for such a question to be able to answer at once.

"But—but," she faltered, "you don't love me, Maurice, like that! We have always been friends, but nothing more."

"You have always been more to me than a friend," he said—"a great deal more. Why, Neil, I have loved you all my life. Ten years ago, on my twenty-first birthday, I made up my mind to ask you the question that I have just asked; I was going to ask it in the evening, but you know what happened. How could I ask you to marry me then? The thing was impossible. I had nothing to offer you, and I was obliged to leave England and you with the question unasked. I had only love to give you then; but now I can give you a home, a good position, and comfort for the rest of your life."

"And do you think," she asked, with gentle reproach, "that those things would weigh with me for one moment?"

He answered her question with another.

"What would weigh with you? Tell me, Neil."

"Love, she said softly, raising her eyes to his—"only love!"

"That," he said, with grave intensity, "I can always promise you—love now, love for ever. Ah, Neil,"—stretching out his hands imploringly—"all my life I have loved you; for ten long years I have longed and waited for you. Don't turn from me now! Think what my life would be without you—think, and have pity!"

He paused, and, as he paused, Neil moved a step nearer to him and laid her hands in his.

"There has never been a day in all my life when I have not loved you!" she said, in a low intense tone that thrilled him strangely. "Maurice, if you are willing, take me as I am, with all my faults, and let me still be your faithful friend as long as we both shall live!"

He put his arms around her and drew her gently to him.

"At last," he said gladly—"oh, Neil, at last!"

"At last!" she echoed, her eyes raised lovingly to his.

The Blind Girl.

BY E. A. D.

AND she is blind!—that beautiful girl! I could not have thought it. I studied that pure face, the eyes that—as is often the case with those who are born without sight—large, bright, and liquid, seemed endowed with rarer powers of perception than is usual—the polished brow, over which auburn tresses were folded—the oval face, so spiritual in its outlines and its coloring—the sensitive lips, scarlet as berries—and I could not believe for the moment that she did not see me watching her so attentively. She must reprove me, I thought, by a look—but no. The eyes took the direction of the many voices about her, wandering now here, now there, but never rested on me. I had not spoken."

The speaker paused. He was a man of middle age, and plainly dressed—a man of elegant tastes, keen, quick and observant of men and matters. One gentleman who was with me had been bantering him about his single state, and had thoughtlessly wounded him.

It is not safe to jest upon such matters. The lip may not tremble, nor the eye grow less steady, nor the color flutter back from the cheeks, but sometimes our words press upon a buried thorn, and the heart is probed and bleeds anew. The story might have been told for our instruction. I give it in his own words:—

I was a young man then, fresh from the country. I had become a clerk in one of the first firms in the city, and consequently felt myself able to live in what seemed to me good style. My friend Frank Appleby, who had been my companion at school and my chum at college, met me, almost upon the moment of my arrival, with the exclamation—"I've got capital lodgings a little way out of town—only been there a week, but it's a splendid place, I promise you!"

So I went with him deposited my trunk in his room, which was handsome and spacious, and that night as I returned and sat down to supper after an introduction to the family, I first saw Emily Houston. There were two daughters. The house was kept by a widow who had all her life been accustomed to the refinements and elegancies of wealth, until the death of her husband five years before. Since that time she had supported herself by taking in gentlemen boarders.

Emily was the youngest daughter; the blind one, whom I have above described, Charlotte, the elder, was far less lovely, though some would have called her beauty striking. I did not. As I said before, my glances towards Emily were so frequent as to call forth some remarks from Frank Appleby.

"I never saw so sweet a creature," I said, with fervor.

"She is a dear little thing," was his careless reply; "and between you and me," he added more earnestly, "I think she likes me a little too well."

I never shall forget how I felt as he said this. A flush of mingled resentment and contempt flew to my cheeks; it seemed sacrilege to speak so lightly of so beautiful a creature. Besides, I found that she had made a deep impression on my own imagination, and I remembered how her eyes had turned more quickly at the sound of Frank's voice than at any other; that, even when he passed her, she seemed to know it, to look more eagerly, to listen more intently.

Every day I became more enamored of this lovely girl, and it pained me inexpressibly to see Frank, as I thought, trifle with her. He paid real court to the more regal Charlotte, but his vanity could not withstand the mute homage of her sister. I often watched them together—watched till it almost maddened me; for I would have given worlds for one of the peculiar smiles she always bestowed on him.

One day I saw him standing at the door which led out upon a small plot of garden ground, now regal with full crimson, and the deep hues of the trees whose branches leaned over the wall. One arm was placed around her waist, with the other hand he was pressing back the brown, wavy hair.

"You have a remarkably beautiful forehead, Emily," he said.

"Have I? do you think so? Oh, I am so glad!" she said, artlessly.

"What makes you glad, Emily?" he asked, in the softest of tones.

"Because, whatever you like in me always makes me glad," was the innocent reply. "That beautiful song, 'A ring of gold she gave me,' do you know I have learned that because you like it so well? I can sing every word of it."

'Can you?" said he. "Thank you for learning it for me. I will hear you sing it this evening. Yes," he continued, still musingly, "you have a remarkably intellectual brow; I think you could write poetry, little one."

"Ah, if I could but see you, I might," was the low, sweet reply.

"Well, well, there's a confession," said Frank, laughing lightly, yet from where I stood I saw his cheek flush with pleasure. "Now, how do you suppose I look?"

"Oh, I have heard, often," said the innocent creature. "Sister Lottie has told me that you have black curling hair and black eyes. And I think, as Lottie says, you must be very handsome."

"Oh, yes, I'm a prodigiously handsome fellow," said Frank, conceitedly, laughing as he spoke. "Do you think, little one, that sister Lottie likes me pretty well?"

"How can she help it?" asked the blind girl, lifting her glowing but sightless eyes towards him.

If ever my blood boiled, it did then, as I saw him lean over and kiss her—if ever I wanted to give that arrant knave and puppy a shaking, I did then. A blush mantled her pure cheeks—a smile deepened the dimples round her lips.

"Frank," I exclaimed, indignantly, a few moments afterwards, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking guilty as he spoke.

"You are doing harm, Frank," "in leading that poor blind girl to love you. It is a cruel thing. You will pay dearly for it some day, mark my words."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, half angrily. "How the deuce am I to help the girl's liking me? If she will be such a fool, why let her!"

"You encourage her to love you, Frank, said I—"you know you do, both by words and actions."

"Pooh! you are jealous!" he sneered.

"No, Frank; not jealous, for I have no claims upon her. Would to Heaven I had!" I exclaimed, with such vehemence that he gazed at me, quite silenced and subdued. "Remember," I said, solemnly, she is different from other women. Her great calamity has made her a pet in the household; she has been treated always like a tender little child, and she looks for caresses and love from everybody. Unstudied in the ways of the world, unspoiled by the arts of society, she has not the cunning to hide her attachments, but confers favors upon those she loves with a child's artless, confiding readiness. Be careful; Frank, be careful how you trifle with a human heart, especially with hers, for few women can feel as she does."

Frank Appleby laughed a little, but I could see that he was touched, as he turned upon his heel, saying, "Well, I will leave her to you. Unmask my treachery if you will, but I tell you I mean no harm."

If he had left her to me as he said, if his vanity had not prevailed over his better judgment, all might have been well.

That evening she sang the sweet song, "A ring of gold," and all applauded. But she looked round in vain for a word of praise from Frank. I never shall forget that touching, eager glance, asking so mutely, so mournfully for the one beloved voice. For a few days Frank was very distant, seldom speaking to her, and I endeavored to fill his place. At all practicable times I sang to her, read to her, walked with her, and after some little while had elapsed she lost the look of painful reverie that had for a time become habitual to her, and learned to watch for me. Oh, those precious hours when she seemed all my own! can I ever forget them? She was so innocent, and yet so wise, so confiding, so graceful!

At last she did not come down to her meals. Her strength seemed to desert her, and mutely, uncomplainingly and sightless, she was going down to the tomb. Every day she grew more sadly, every day more inexpressibly dear to me, who knew the cause of her malady.

One evening I noticed a peculiar expression on the countenance of Charlotte Houston. Her face was very stern, and I surmised that there had been some misunderstanding between Frank Appleby and herself; and I was right.

During Emily's childhood she had learned to write, guided of course by an implement to which the blind have recourse, and she wrote with astonishing accuracy. It seems that Emily had asked her sister to bring her a certain little box from her private drawer. Charlotte complied, but finding some papers which had been left, and also some scraps of poetry of a peculiar character which had been read to her sister, Charlotte felt herself justified in opening the box, and there she learned the secret of Emily's sorrow.

At first resentment filled her soul, and then came anguish. Had the man whom she had loved and honored with her confidence done this thing? Would any man, possessing a spark of principle, deliberately win the affections of a helpless blind girl?

"Come home this afternoon!" I ejaculated "Pray where did she go?"

"For a drive with Frank," was her reply.

There was a pang at my heart. I saw through the sadness, the tears. Old impressions had been revived, old tenderness renewed. The sound of his voice, even if he had not spoken lovingly (and I knew the man too well to suppose that he had not), had awakened the slumbering emotions of the past.

My fairy temple was dashed to the earth, I feared, hopelessly. I determined at once, so soon as an opportunity occurred, to tell her of his then existing relations with her sister. I had wished to spare her the knowledge until I was shure she had forgotten him; but now it seemed a thing inevitable.

That night we all went to the opera. Emily was passionately fond of music, and she enjoyed it the more perhaps from the sense of her isolation in the midst of crowds. We tried to get a box together, but could not, and I did not know exactly where Frank and Charlotte Houston sat, though I had the impression they were quite near. Two strangers sat behind us, who in the pauses of the music talked almost incessantly.

Emily heard, with perfect natural quickness, seconds which I would not distinguish, and noticing suddenly her singular pallor, I found that she appeared to be listening to the speakers in our rear. I caught the words, "Oh, yes, engaged to be married. He has been paying his addresses to her for some time. I shouldn't be surprised if they were married in the autumn."

I knew immediately that they referred to Frank Appleby and Charlotte Houston. Looking around I saw them, nearly opposite. Frank never looked more brilliant. There was an exultant smile on his face, a vivid light in his eye as it caught mine.

Poor Emily! By accident her hand came in contact with my own. Death could not have been colder. Over her beautiful eyes a mist seemed drawn. She shuddered, and no longer listened with rapt attention or a gentle serenity to the music; on the contrary, her movements were hurried and agitated. Wholly unaccustomed to conceal her feelings, she knew not what to do. Her cheeks were white, and her lips had a blanched appearance. I trembled as I watched her. At last I whispered, "Emily shall we go home?"

"Oh, if you please," she said, rising hastily and turning, thereby drawing the eyes of many upon us, for ours was a conspicuous seat.

"Sit still a moment, dear," I said, gently, for I saw that her strange gestures attracted attention. "In a moment, when I touch your arm, I will take you out."

At the first favorable opportunity we withdrew as quickly as possible, and were soon seated in the carriage. I knew that poor Emily was weeping, and tried to comfort her. At last I ventured to say, "Did you ever suspect it before? Has no one told you, not even Lottie?"

"Oh, no, no," she sobbed. "I could not think it. He was so kind, so gentle to me. Oh, how could he tell me what he did? It was very cruel! Is it wrong in me to tell you this? Is it wicked, is it foolish in me?"

"No, darling!" I said, softly, though an arrow had gone to my heart; "tell me all you will—let me be to you as a brother, since I can be nothing more. If it had been my lot to be favored with your love, believe me, your path would have been strewn with flowers."

She was silent after this, till we arrived home; then she instantly retired. The next morning she was not at the breakfast table at her usual time

"What made Emily act so strangely last night?" asked Charlotte. "The child must have been ill."

"Yes I was half angry at her for standing up in that conspicuous place!" said Frank. "If she were my sister I should talk to her.

I flashed an indignant look at him; and he winced under it.

"What was it, Mr. Hayden?" asked Lottie; "don't you know?"

"She heard some unpleasant information," I replied.

"For pity's sake! from whom?" said Miss Houston.

"From two gentlemen who sat near us," I replied.

"What was it, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, Emily acted so strangely last night?" said Charlotte, looking curiously at me. "She sprang up suddenly, and I almost thought she was going to jump over into the pit. Her face was as white as a sheet."

At that moment Emily entered. She could not have slept all the long night through. Her young face wore a haggard look, and her usually slow, graceful step, seemed languid now. She took her accustomed place beside her mother, who spoke to her tenderly, but when she answered, her lip quivered.

Frank Appleby saw it, and made a hasty breakfast, excusing himself sooner than was his wont. I, too, went, but not before I saw Lottie, with a look of great concern on her features, go up to her sister and whisper to her.

Oh, the heart-aches I had to gaze upon after that!—that marble face, so colorless!—so wan with the beautiful hope light blotted out! She now seemed uneasy and unhappy if she knew Frank was near, and equally unhappy if he was absent.

I think she was beginning to transfer to me the affection she had felt for Frank Appleby. For me the eye grew luminous now, for me the little silvery laugh of welcome sounded.

Meanwhile Frank was wooing the really elegant Charlotte Houston. She was a worthy girl, and loved her blind sister almost to idolatry. I suppose she had not noticed poor little Emily's infatuation, but she was so accustomed to seeing her loved and petted that it seemed as a matter of course. She was a belle, and a number of suitors contended for her hand; so that Frank, who enjoyed a monopoly of her smiles and good graces, was esteemed a fortunate fellow.

One evening I came home and found my little rosebud, as I called her, unusually oppressed. I thought she had been weeping. In vain I exerted all my powers to please her—she smiled, but the smile was followed by a sigh. Finding an opportunity, I inquired of Charlotte what could be the matter with her sister.

"Really I cannot tell," was her reply; "she seemed to be very happy when she came home this afternoon."

Slowly passed the agonizing days and weeks. Frank and I scarcely spoke to each other; I could not act the hypocrite. They told me Emily was growing worse; that there was no hope of her recovery. I saw the doctor's brougham at the door early every morning. Frank Appleby ceased to take his meals with us.

One beautiful summer's day I was called from my office. Emily was dying, the messenger said, and had requested to see me. I entered the sacred chamber. She lay like a fair marble image, colorless, yet serenely beautiful. They stood around her, mother, sister, two or three friends, and her kind physician. They told her I had come, and she held out her hand. Oh, that moment! I threw myself by the bedside of the dear angel—the only woman I had ever loved. She whispered a few sweet words, very faintly, "If I could live, I would live for you!" Then a sudden light, like a glory, played round her pale features, and she cried—"I see—I see!"

Wonderful! she turned to each of us with dying recognition. In that last hour the Almighty had opened her eyes.

Well, there is a grave in the cemetery I visit sometimes—she sleeps there. Charlotte never married Frank Appleby. He became an inveterate gambler, and an outcast and a wanderer about town. You now know why, with all my wealth, I live in a state of single blessedness, as you are pleased to call it. I am blessed in being single, for I am wedded to the memory of Emily Houston, the poor Blind Girl.

Health Proverbs.—Never allow yourself to become chilled—if you can find means of keeping warm.

Never drink ice water when overheated but don't substitute wine or whiskey.

Always breathe pure air—if you can get it, but don't sit in a draft if you have rheumatism or neuralgia.

Never allow sunlight to be shut out of your sleeping room—unless you live in a city flat where the bedrooms have no windows.

Never go without sufficient sleep—unless you are working for some one who overworks you—then change employers.

Don't keep your teeth merely for ornament, but make them masticate your food—if you have a working set.

Eat what is set before you—provided you crave it and is fit for you.

Eat slowly—unless it is a matter of life or death to catch a train within five minutes.

Don't quarrel with your family or neighbors because you feel out of sorts—look after your digestive system.

Eat plenty of fresh fruit—but don't call it fresh when it is intolerably stale.

Take plenty of out door exercise—unless you have sciatica or Chinese feet.

Never take a cold bath when your body is already suffering from cold—you might as well take a block of ice for a stove.

Use cold water freely, in all desirable ways—but don't become a cold-water crank, and use it to excess.

Drink hot water if you find it agrees with you—but don't become a hot-water crank, and insist on boiling all your friends.

Mineral waters are sometimes whole some—but don't think that the worse they taste or smell the more beneficial they must be.

Get rid of pain if you can—but don't think that quieting a pain is curing a disease.

Remember that clear water is not necessarily pure water—any more than cold air is always pure air.

Drink whenever you are thirsty—but be careful what you drink, and how much.

If Lydia E. Pinkham is not what we claim—more than we can say in a paper—you can not afford to say a word against it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can decide for yourself very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

At Home and Abroad.

Boy battalions have sprung up all over Spain since the little King has begun to grow up. They drill after school hours, and try to imitate their elders in all things. At Granada the school battalion mutinied recently because it did not receive its pay, went in a body to the newspaper offices and proclaimed its grievance, then marched through the city streets, smashing all the lanterns.

Skating had its origin in Holland hundreds of years ago, but the name of the individual who first practiced it has not been handed down to posterity. This sport has had its bone age before its iron or steel one, for we are told that it was customary in the thirteenth century for the young men to fasten the leg-bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs, and slide along the ice, pushing themselves by means of an iron shod pole. The date of the introduction of metallic skates is not known.

According to the recent finding of a Somerville (Mass.) court, no man can patrol in front of a man's house or dun him in the highways while wearing a uniform which denotes his calling as a collector. In his summing up the judge said that if such men were allowed to patrol the streets in uniform it would incite a breach of the peace. He declared that if they could with impunity patrol before the house of one man they could do it before the houses of all men who owed small and large debts in Somerville, and as a consequence he declared there would be a riot in Somerville. He said that there were courts where the creditor and debtor could gain satisfaction. Fortunately for the debtor in this State, such methods for collecting outstanding debts are illegal.

A most remarkable journey has just been accomplished by a little Polish Jewess named Pearl Landau. The child's parents, living in Poland, were very poor, and her married sister living in Liverpool wished her to be sent to England. But she herself was too poor to go to Poland, or to pay anyone to accompany her sister. She sought the assistance of an emigration agent who sent a label to Pearl's parents, bearing these words in three languages: "To the railway officials. Please forward this girl on to Hamburg," as well as an address in Liverpool. About a fortnight later the child was brought to the address in Liverpool, with the label still tied to her arm. She had traveled hundreds of miles overland, from Poland to Hamburg, not knowing any but her own language: from Hamburg she had been sent by boat to Grimsby and thence by train to Liverpool, having spent a week on the journey, and being entirely dependent upon charity for food.

The Dowager Empress of China, who has been presented with a Bible by the Christian woman of her kingdom, is the greatest woman sovereign who has ever reigned in the East. She was the daughter of a poor man living on the outskirts of Canton. The family being on the verge of starvation, the girl, who was extremely beautiful, besought her father to sell her as a slave. Greatly against his will the old man assented, and she became the property of an illustrious general, who, charmed by her disposition and natural cleverness, adopted her as his daughter and educated her. Being called to Pekin, the general thought his daughter the fittest present he could give to his Emperor, the latter being so charmed with her that he made her his wife. In 1861 her husband died, and the Dowager-Empress became regent, the present Emperor being then only seven years old. She found China crippled by debt, and torn by internal rebellions, yet five years ago when she handed over the cares of the government to her son, peace and prosperity reigned throughout the eighteen provinces and the vast tracts of country beyond them which recognize the suzerainty of the Brother of the Sun.

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Our Young Folks.

TOMMY'S ADVENTURE.

BY G. R. G.

"SO you see, Mrs. Jenkins," said Tommy, "that Flirt is a deal of bother to me: that's what nurse says about me—especially about keeping clean."

"And I can quite believe it, Master Tom," said the bathing-woman. "What with sand-pies, and anemones, and seaweed, and such-like vermin, I'm sure you're all in a mather twenty times a day."

Tom was standing on the unsteady plank that connected the bathing-machine with the beach. His short legs, in blue serge knickerbockers, were planted far apart, and his short arms were thrust deeply into his sailor pockets—his hat was pushed back, and his hair curled fiercely.

Mrs. Jenkins, with bare, red arms, and large, bare feet, was wringing out a heap of wet bathing dresses, and hanging them on a line to drip. Just where the drips came, young Jenkins was sitting mending his nets.

His legs were bare too, and his trousers were tucked up in a way that Tommy would have liked to imitate, but nurse always turned the legs of his knickerbockers down if she happened to see him. Nurse was always particularly tiresome at the sea side.

"Oh," said Tommy, hopping away from the little stream of sandy water that rushed down the plank, "you see Flirt isn't grown up yet—she hasn't any sense. I am going to teach her a lot of tricks. Look at her, Mrs. Jenkins, she's learning to swim."

Mrs. Jenkins stood still for a minute, with her feet planted firmly on the plank, and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"Dear me, now," she said, "she's a clever little rascal, that dog o' yours. See to her now, catching at the rope for all the world as if she was a human creature. I shouldn't wonder if there was a deal of sense inside her!"

"Of course there is," said Tommy. "Why, Flirt sleeps beside my bed, and I talk to her whenever I wake up."

"To think of that, now!" said Mrs. Jenkins, tramping heavily about the board, and making it spring up and down unpleasantly. "I've never been much of a one for dumb beasts, by reason of their not talking to us, and us not understanding what they mean. It's just a bark and a bite with dogs, and the bite first."

Tommy had jumped off the board and was running down to the sea. Not four yards away the little spaniel was splashing about, catching and quarreling with the rope that hung from the front of the bathing machine.

Tommy gave a little relieved laugh, and came tramping back—the stretch of dazzling sea had blinded him.

"I thought," he said, in a shamefaced way, "that Flirt was drowning—but dogs don't drown, do they, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"My good gracious, no," said the bathing-woman.

She had a great many wet clothes to wring out and new towels to fetch, and she was not listening very attentively to what Tommy said. He stood with his curly head leaning against the plank for a few minutes, and then he ran down the beach again and called to Flirt.

Young Jenkins, mending his nets, heard the shrill little cry—

"Come out, Flirt! Do what I tell you, miss, at once. Flirt, I'm frightened for you!"

Young Jenkins was a very slow man, and by the time he had realized that Tommy wanted help, and had pushed the heavy net from his feet and pulled his cap tightly on, Tommy had tucked up his knickerbockers, and was wading into the sea, calling frantically for Flirt.

She, no doubt, thought it was a game. She barked, and shook herself, and swam further away, meeting the waves like a bird, but poor Tommy was not like a bird at all.

He floundered on, until he lost his footing, and a wave met and broke over him, and left him gasping—and then, through the bounding water, he saw Flirt's brown head, and launched himself forward and [illegible]

He meant to say "All right, I'm sure you are safe," but the water got into his mouth and ears, and made him deaf and drunk, and he felt as if he was going to sleep and mother was rocking him?

* * * * * *

When he woke again it seemed hours afterwards, and he was lying on a narrow seat, a pile of damp garments under his head.

Flirt was sitting on the floor of the bathing-machine wagging her tail with great thumps, and young Jenkins was looking as if he would have wagged his tail too, if he had had one—it would have been so much easier than talking; but the bathing-woman did not want anyone to help her.

She cried and talked and laughed all in a breath, and kissed Tommy so much that he wished he needn't be polite and might ask her not to do so; but, of course, that was one of the things one couldn't do.

He opened his eyes and looked at Flirt, who came cringing to his side, and laid her brown head on his arm, and whined.

"I saved Flirt all right—didn't I?" said Tommy.

"Just to hearken to him," said the bathing-woman, "and he next door to drowning himself."

"Shut up, mother!" said young Jenkins. "He's a plucky one, and I ain't going to contradict him."

"But I did save him," persisted Tommy. He fixed his eyes on young Jenkins' scarlet face with a little shadow of anxiety. The young man shuffled from one foot to the other silently, but Mrs. Jenkins, with her apron to her eyes, spoke for him:

"You did your best, my dear, but you'd got out of your depth, and it was my son here as brought you home. He ain't much to look at," she went on, sobbing, "but he's a fine swimmer, I will say for him: and he's got two medals on his breast, and he saved your life, my dear—which is of more vally than a kennel full of dogs, and such like."

"Oh!" Mrs. Jenkins," said Tommy.

He lay back silently, and shut his eyes tight, but they would fill, and one smarting tear even forced its way through, but in a minute he had brushed it away.

"I'm awfully obliged to you," he said; "I'm glad I wasn't drowned—but I—wanted—to—save Flirt—myself. I can swim two strokes, sometimes, when somebody's near, and it seems so babyish——"

He was very near real tears, and Mrs. Jenkins was frightened. She did not know that Master Tommy could cry.

She put a blanket round him, and gave him some hot tea, and young Jenkins lifted him up, and the little procession started homewards, Flirt walking last, with her tail drooping, as if she knew she had been the cause of all the commotion. Nurse was standing at the gate, watching for Tommy, so she was the first person to see how he came home.

"Well," she said, when Mrs. Jenkins had done explaining, "as you're not content without drowning yourself—I hoped you'd spare me that, but you're a deal of bother to me."

* * * * * *

Young Jenkins had a third medal on his breast when Tommy went down to the sea last summer to build castles on the shore, and somehow or other they grew to be great friends. Tommy sits for hours sometimes, with his knickerbockers turned up, and his bare legs dangling over the plank, side by side with young Jenkins, whilst Spooney, the son of Flirt, barks at the dangling rope, and Flirt herself lies in the sand and drowsily watches him.

THE ARROGANT RAINDROP.

BY L. B. C.

A RAINDROP fell from a clear sky. The air was very still, so it dropped down—down—down as straight as a plummet, and finally alighted on the crown of a king who was taking an after-luncheon stroll on the earth below. As he didn't know it was raining—a single drop of rain doesn't count for much, anyhow—he continued his walk serenely, merely drawing his cranium tippet more closely about his shoulders, for the weather was growing chilly.

It began to freeze presently, and the raindrop was soon frozen solid as it lay on the king's crown. It sparkled prismatically in the rays of the sun.

"Now I'm a diamond, I suppose," murmured the raindrop, for it had a very arrogant disposition. "I should not be so hard and lustrous if I were not a diamond; and, besides, I shouldn't be used as an ornament for a king's crown unless I were a precious stone of some sort. Yes, I'm undoubtedly a diamond."

The raindrop spoke the last few words in a loud, swaggering, self-assertive tone of voice.

"You a diamond!" said a large ruby that occupied a prominent position on the crown. "I do not wish to appear impolite, but I must remind you that it is not usual for people to accept an absolute stranger like yourself at his own estimate, and that the statement you have just made requires corroboration. Tell me, now, can you cut the king's name on glass?"

"Why, to be sure I can," replied the raindrop, for it felt that it would be giving itself away if it admitted its inability to do anything that a diamond could do. Then, to soothe its conscience, it added inwardly, "It will be time for me to cut the king's name on glass when I know what the king's name is."

"If you can really perform that feat, you may be a diamond after all," said the ruby, commencing to relent. "By the by, what were you doing up yonder? I was under the impression that diamonds came out of the earth, but you came out of the sky."

"I had business in those parts—I had to shine there," answered the raindrop, now fairly embarked on a career of deception. "You must have frequently noticed me doing it when you came out of doors on a bright night."

"Then you're a star, I presume?" remarked the sapphire which stood next to the great ruby.

"That's exactly what I am," said the raindrop, feeling more important than ever. "I'm a diamond star. You have heard of great personages wearing diamond stars, haven't you? Well, now you understand why the king wears me."

"You have evidently a right to consider yourself our superior," returned the sapphire, which was disposed to be diffident and retiring because one of its facets had been cut at a wrong angle. 'But you won't, I hope, be stuck up and proud, now that you are, in a sense, one of us."

"Oh, you'll find no nonsense of that sort about me, though I am quite eighty per cent. more valuable than the rest of you put together," said the raindrop, with magnificent condescension. "You shall have my countenance, never fear."

By this time the king had had a sufficiently long ramble, and his corns were beginning to shoot; so he faced round and returned to his palace, which he entered by the front door, to the sound of silver-plated trumpets. Then he hung up his crown on a gold peg near the Dresden china stove in the vestibule, and went into the council chamber to discuss affairs of state with the members of his government.

Very soon the heat of the stove began to affect the arrogant raindrop unpleasantly. It could feel itself growing more liquid every moment as it thawed out, but it still clung to the king's crown with all the strength that remained in it.

"Hello! what's the matter with you?" inquired the great ruby.

"I—I'm agitated by the recollection of your incivility in refusing to believe that I was a diamond," returning the raindrop, trembling all over.

"You look less like one than ever you did," said the ruby, with reviving suspicions. "Come, I'll wager you're not as hard as I am."

"And you're getting smaller and smaller," put in the sapphire. "Whatever does it mean?"

The raindrop realized that it must make an effort. It was now, alas, quite melted, and was rapidly drying up.

"It means," it answered nervously, "that I don't approve of all this—this vulgar cross-examination, and that I strongly object to this—this hot, unwholesome atmosphere, and that I intend to—to go back to my own exalted sphere and be a ——"

It meant to add "and be a star again," but before it could complete the sentence, the surface of the stove flushed rosy-red with the heat within, and the arrogant raindrop dwindled, dwindled, and then suddenly disappeared altogether.

"Ha! I see through that braggart at last," cried the incredulous ruby. "A nice kind—I mean an ice kind—of a diamond he was, and no mistake!"

And all the other jewels chuckled agreeably over the ruby's little jest, and twinkled at one another in the glow thrown out by the red-hot stove. But I doubt if the humble-minded sapphire really saw the exact point of the joke, for to tell the truth, it was not a very brilliant gem.

LIFE, whether in this world or any other, is the sum of our attainment, our experience, our character. The conditions are secondary. In what other world shall we be more surely than we are here?

When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair: in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Americans are said to be the only people that patronize "quick lunches."

A Michigan inventor fills the rubber tire of his bicycle with cork instead of air.

Floss silk is used by Japanese soldiers as a more or less bullet-proof under clothing.

There is a society in Egypt whose object is to drive foreigners out of the country.

More than one hundred writers, male and female, have written the life of Mr. Gladstone.

In Italy a large chestnut tree is considered a great property, and goes for toward supporting a family.

Dry newspapers, instead of or in lack of rubber gloves, are recommended in handling electrical wires.

The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that it is said objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

There is a ghost in a New York churchyard that invites persons passing through at night to sit beside him on a grave and converse.

A Western girl is going to Paris—not to study painting or music, but to learn to cook; her father having made an appropriation for that purpose.

Cats that are good ratters are getting to be almost regularly salaried employees in the different post offices of our country—appropriations made for their support.

Japan claims the oldest wooden building in the world. It is a log storehouse in Tara, which is now used to shelter some of the Mikado's art treasures. An age of 1200 years is claimed for it. Some of the logs are nearly worn away by the weather.

What is without doubt the smallest clock in the world was lately on exhibition in the shop window of a Goettinger jeweler. The dial measures less than one-third of an inch in diameter, and the weight which furnishes the motive power is suspended from a human hair.

The Romans and Greeks ate with their fingers, and one writer for the former nation gives a comical story of a glutton of his day, who, when he went to a feast, always wore gloves, that he might have the first chance at the meat before it was cool enough for the other guests to touch it with their bare fingers.

The following is the daily ration of the animals at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris: Ten pounds of flesh for each lion, tiger and bear, seven pounds for the panther, three pounds to six pounds for the hyena, one pound for the wild cat, two pounds for the eagle, all of which flesh must be fresh and without bone.

Almost every winter a railway line is laid across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. The ice there is often ten or twelve feet thick, and will bear all the weight that can be heaped on it. The ties are laid in a graded road-bed cut in the ice, the rails are spiked on, then water is poured into the excavation and in half an hour or so is frozen as hard as stone, and the road is done.

Perhaps the most wonderful specimen of cutter's craft in the world is the knife to be seen in the show rooms of Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Sheffield, England. This extraordinary knife is provided with one blade for every year since the commencement of the Christian era, this number of blades, of course, now being 1895. Blades are inserted five at a time at the lapse of every five years.

A man who is summering in Michigan, lately called up his office over the long-distance telephone, and, his favorite dog happening to be in the office, the animal was placed on the table and given a chance to hear his master's voice. The dog recognized the first notes, and was delirious with delight. Since that time he has haunted the telephone, and whenever the bell tinkles he is the first to bound toward the table.

A novel scheme for selling furniture on the installment plan is being carried on in the poorer tenement districts of New York. Huge vans containing all sorts of household goods make regular tours of the streets. They send runners ahead through the tenement houses announcing their coming, and these men not only drum up a considerable trade, but satisfy themselves of prospective customers' honesty before the vans get around.

The study of the funeral garlands of the Egyptian tombs is full of interest. The language of the affections was the same in Egypt 4,000 years ago as in our own country to-day. Among the most highly-prized plants may be enumerated the rose, the myrtle, the sweet marjoram, the bay laurel, jessamine, the heliotrope, the iris, the ivy, the narcissus, the mignonette, the Egyptian white water lily, the field poppy, the lime, the immortelle and the chrysanthemum.

A singular incident took place the other day on Damariscotta Lake, Maine, which shows the veracity of the bass. A party from the Kennebec were fishing from a boat, when one of them caught the end of his [illegible] his watch guard and flung his gold watch overboard. About an hour after, and a quarter of a mile distant, they caught a six-pounder, and, noticing his fullness and peculiar appearance, he was opened and there was the gold watch, still going.

LIFE'S BITTER SWEET.

BY L. W.

Tell me your joy, that I may tune my life
To echo the glad music of your own,
The changing melody, the sunny strife
Of harmonies blent in one sweet full tone.
So shall the faithful shadow of my night
Heighten your happy radiance of delight.

Tell me your sorrow, that I may disdain
Mirth and rejoicing, banish all relief—
Save the sad ecstasy, the cruel gain
Of being one with you, dear heart, in grief.
You did deny me love—have you no woe,
No pain to share with one who loves you so?

ABOUT CREMATION.

Not to speak of earlier times, among the ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, cremation was customary, and the Anglo-Saxons brought the usage over into Britain. In "Beowulf," an Anglo-Saxon epic of the eighth century, there is a description of the burning of the dead.

In Scandinavia, both kinds of burial were in usage; the "Brunaold," or age of burning of the dead; and the "Haugaold," or age of interment of the dead Baldur and Brunhild were both burnt on funeral pyres; but, on the other hand, numerous notices in the Sagas relate to the burial of the corpses in mounds. Moreover, the cairns and tumuli tell the same story—that both methods of disposing of the dead were in use. Some old chiefs were laid in their ships and mounds heaped over them; and some were first consumed to ashes.

Among the Celts, another great branch of the Indo-Germanic family, according to both Diodorus and Cæsar, the burning of the dead was customary; and Cæsar relates how that with the deceased were burned whatever he had most affected, as his horses and dogs, and formerly clients and slaves. It was the same with the Slavonic peoples. St. Boniface tells how that the Wends at the beginning of the eighth century burned their dead, and how that wives committed suicide so as to be burned along with their deceased husbands. And Nestor, the historian of the Russians at the beginning of the twelfth century, says the same of those concerning whom he writes.

The great branch of the Aryan stock which turned eastward in like manner carried cremation with it, but not as a sole and exclusive uusage, for it never took its place among the Parsees, who would regard it as a desecration of the pure and sacred flame; on the other hand, in India the practice of suttee became customary among the high-caste Brahmins; the wife was burnt along with the body of her husband.

The usage of burning the body is not, however, by any means universal. Corpses are cast into the sacred waters of the Ganges; and the burning of the dead is only of general practice in the valleys of the Himalaya among some of the savage or half-savage tribes. As concerns the Semitic races, cremation was never a prevalent usage. We see with what repugnance it was regarded by the Hebrews, whose highest conception of honor shown to the dead was embalming them, a conception probably derived from the Egyptians.

In Babylonia are the burial-places of the dead, who had not been subjected to fire, but, curiously enough, there has been discovered of recent years a necropolis of burnt bodies. Whether these are the remains of foreigners of the Ayran race, settled in Babylonia, preserving their peculiar usage, or whether they represent the destruction of bodies by fire after a plague—an exceptional case in which alone cremation was endured—cannot be told.

The countless barrows and cairns dispersed over the downs and hills of Scotland, England and Ireland tell of both cremation and inhumation. Not only so, but of both having been in use at one and at the same time. In the same barrow, at the same interment, one corpse was reduced to ashes, the other not.

Canon Greenwell of Durham, who has made exhaustive and scientific exploration of the barrows on the Yorkshire wolds, gives precisely similar testimony. In his "British Barrows" he mentions several instances in which indubitably the two methods of burial have been practised simultaneously. He says: "I have found many cases where a burnt and an unburnt body have been laid in the grave most unquestionably at the same time. I have thought we have in the burnt bodies those of wives and slaves killed at the time of the funeral of the man; still that is mere conjecture, and men are found burnt and laid alongside of unburnt women, if we may judge of the sex by the accompanying implements or weapons, which seems a fair deduction; but I am certain that inhumation and cremation were practised not only at the same time, but for interments made the same day."

It has been a matter of debate among antiquaries and ethnologists as to the race or races that erected the cairns and barrows and left their inhumated and incinerated remains in them. It has been conjectured that some belong to a pure Celtic race, others to the swarthy Ivernian stock which first occupied the British Isles, and is possibly of Turanian origin, represented now by the Basques, Lapps and Finns. But as far as is known, incineration was a specialty of the Aryan stock, though never a permanent practice, one that appeared and disappeared, that prevailed, and was then abanoned by the branches of that great stock. And this fact, if fact it be—and it seems to be well established—goes far to make us believe that the barrow and cairn builders, at all events such as burnt their dead, were of the same Aryan race as ourselves.

But, again, the fact, and fact it is, that at one and the same time, and in one and the same interment, both fashions of burial are found, is probably explained by the conduct of the mighty men who rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the Philistines.

When a chief had died at a distance from home, he was incinerated, so that his body might be brought to the same necropolis where were buried the unburnt dead of his family or tribe. We find this explanation of the burning of the dead in the first book of Samuel, and also in Pliny, as explaining the introduction of the fashion among the Romans.

Moreover, in some interments—though of an earlier age—the bones are found to be scratched, as though the flesh had been removed from them before burial. These were probably cases of dead warriors at a distance from their family resting-places, who were thus treated so as to enable their remains to be conveyed home.

Grains of Gold.

To have what you like, like what you have.

Of all the passions, anger is the most like dynamite.

Some people have more reputation than character.

Minds that have nothing to confer find little to perceive.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

The greatest forces upon which our wills can act are those within.

To acquire a fair reputation, you must be what you desire to appear.

Self-respect is the purest raiment in which we can clothe ourselves.

It is safer to live near a powder mill than to have a temper beyond control.

Most of us only believe in a just God when we see him punish the other fellow.

Hasten slowly, and without losing heart put your work twenty times upon the anvil.

We should enjoy what we possess; otherwise, what we call ours is but a bondage, we are under it.

Femininities.

Minnie: "Captain Foster has never paid me any attention before, but he danced with me four times last night." Maud: "Oh, well, it was a charitable ball, you remember."

A young woman prominently connected with the W. C. T. U. at Ravenna, Ohio, recently married a criminal who had been many times in jail. She loved him and hoped to reform him.

"Darling!" "My life!" After four years of estrangement they were again clasped in each other's arms. There remained no obstacle. The big sleeve was a thing of the past.

Mrs. Minks: "Isn't it queer that such a little bit of a country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?" Mr. Minks: "Well, I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear."

The old legend of the red-headed girl and the white horse has been remodeled. It has been discovered that whenever a red-headed girl is seen on a wheel there is in the neighborhood a white man on a bicycle.

Blobbs: "What nonsense it is for the newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar." Slobbs: "How so?" Blobbs: "Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark."

Mrs. Zabbs: "I met with one of the strangest experiences of my life to day." Mr. Zabbs: "You did! What was it?" Mrs. Zabbs: "Just this: I was getting on an open car and the man on the end seat moved in and let me have it."

According to the French papers, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has taken advantage of a mediæval decree to issue instructions to his clergy to refuse any sacrament to women coming to ask it in the cyling attire of to-day.

"We were simply measuring to see see which was the taller," said young Simpkins, when surprised in pressing his best girl to his manly bosom. "You're about the same height, I think," replied the terrible child, "but sister is the redder."

"Don't you think, love," said a newly married man to his wife, "if I were to smoke it would spoil the curtains?" "Ah, you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be found anywhere. Certainly it would." "Well, then, take the curtains down."

Benevolent lady, who has with infinite trouble organized a country excursion for some overworked London dressmakers: "Then mind you're at the station at 9 to morrow, Eliza. I do hope it won't rain!" "Rine, Miss! I'owp not, to be sure! The country's bad enough when it's foine, yn't it, Miss?"

A New England bicycle manufacturing firm is at present constructing a wheel for Princess Maud. The machine will be silver mounted and all its materials will be of the finest quality. A special messenger will accompany the bicycle to England, and see to it that the Princess receives the machine uninjured.

A grave fault of many establishments founded for the sale of women's work is that the articles offered for sale are practically useless. Knick knacks and fripperies of all kinds offer little inducement to the purchaser, and the example of a society in New York might be followed with great advantage in England: it will offer for sale well-cooked fancy dishes of all kinds.

"Yes," said the lady-lecturer, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways!" "There is one way in which they have never suffered," said a meek looking man, standing up. "What way is that?" demanded the lecturess. "They have never suffered in silence." And then the lecturess demonstrated beyond a doubt that he was right, in her case at least.

Comment in feminine circles is entirely adverse to the Long Island man who on his way home from the wedding was separated from his bride because the car in which he left her was switched to another train while he was in the smoking compartment. It was bad enough, the opinion is, that he should have failed to notice the switching of the car, but much worse that he should have left his wife to smoke a cigar immediately after the ceremony.

Some time ago certain newspapers in the West were turned over to the women to be run by them entirely in aid of some public object. Now it appears that in Bay City, Michigan, the street cars were recently turned over to the women, who acted as conductors. All the fares collected were to be handed over to the Masonic building fund. So fascinating were these fair conductresses that in many cases susceptible bachelor passengers paid the fare several times on a single trip.

For a long time the West Guthrie Congregation Church has been in need of repairs, and, despairing of the men attending to the matter, a score of women appeared in Guthrie, Oklahoma, recently, with hammers, hatches, saws, planes and nails, and repaired walks, steps, belfry, roof and floor, while a crowd of men looked on in amazement. In spite of a few mashed fingers and some torn clothing, the women are pleased with their work, and announce that they now intend to improve the street in front of the church and put up hitching racks.

Masculinities.

Bad habits are like beards. The older a man gets the more they grow on him.

A Frankford, Ky., barber met, wooed, won and married a young girl within four days.

M. W. Paine, the late Iowa millionaire, owned land in every State in the Union except one.

A homely woman has never been convinced that there is such a thing as a perfect looking-glass.

A woman who has never seen her husband fishing doesn't know what a patient man she has married.

Among the pupils admitted to a Brooklyn public school recently were two Chinese boys. They are brothers.

She, dreamily: "Only fancy—a month from to day we shall be married." He, absently: "Well, let's be happy while we can."

Silver is cleaned at the shops by pressing the piece against a rapidly revolving wheel made of canton flannel in many plies.

There is a man living at South Beach, L. I., whose principal means of livelihood is that of hunting for the bodies of drowned people.

"I never could understand," sighed Adam, "why that oldest boy of mine turned out so badly. He hadn't any grandparents to spoil him."

How admirable are thy works, O Nature!—An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches round; an ordinary man's arm is thirty inches long.

Little Clarence: "Pa, what is a reformer?" Mr. Callipers: "Anything that interferes with the rights and pleasures of other people, my son."

Rose: "I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore." Dolly: "But it's so much easier to love men than to respect them."

Duesler is an old bachelor and a great horseman; and often says if you could tell a woman's age the same way you can a horse's, they'd be more apt to keep their mouths shut.

A maiden writes—"Can you tell me how to change the color of my hair, which all the young men tell me is red?" Certainly we can. Get rich; they will then call it golden or auburn.

John W. Mackay is fond of "home cooking." He recently gave a luncheon in San Francisco, which consisted of corned beef and cabbage, clam chowder, squash pie and buttermilk.

A young composer has just written for a soprano voice a beautiful song entitled, "Would that I were Young Again!" It has been so much time wasted, the woman can't be found who will sing it.

Gemma Donati, Dante's wife, was a dame of portentous physiognomy and a deep, tragic voice. She henpecked him severely, a fact which perhaps explains the absence of her name from his writings.

Edwards: "Brown's system reduces horse racing to an exact science." Richards: "Does it?" Edwards: "Yes. In order to tell how much money a man will lose it is only necessary to know how much he has."

Mr. Trotter: "I tell you that Cholly's attentions to Emily Brown would never amount to anything." Mrs. Trotter: "Well, you were wrong again; they frightened Dick Faster into proposing at last, and Emily has accepted him."

A woman can adapt herself to circumstances more readily than a man. She will drive a nail with a poker or a hair-brush, take a cork out with the scissors, no matter if it is pushed in, and sharpen lead pencils with her husband's razor.

"I'pase pass me the butter," said a guest at an hotel table to a pompous individual on the other side. "I'm a gentleman, sir," he replied, with a grand air, beckoning to the waiter. "That's what I thought when I asked you," said the first man quietly.

Emperor William's wardrobe is still a subject of much wonder and comment in the foreign press. It is said that he has in all 1000 suits of clothes, 12 dozen of every item of underclothing and 50 dozen handkerchiefs, and, except his uniforms, he seldom wears the same thing twice.

Bluffkins wrote a very bad hand generally, but in writing hurriedly, making an appointment with a friend he excelled even himself. He had left the letter lying for half an hour, and on going to address the envelope he happened to glance at his epistle. Scarcely a word could he decipher, but, calmly enclosing it, he said to himself: "After all what does it matter! It's Hawkins has to read it, not I."

According to a New York paper, William Brown, a nephew of the famous and lamented John Brown, has been appointed Chief Grille, or Highland attendant to Queen Victoria. Although the office is that of a menial, yet it is one of such importance that the entire British court has been in a state of excitement over the matter. Two thousand dollars a year, everything found, and presents to the value of about $5000 a year, constitute the value of the post.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The modistes are making up some charming designs in autumn costumes. As to the colors which are to reign throughout the approaching season, green promises to be well to the fore, though it will have to share its supremacy with dark blue and crimson and a beautiful tone of mulberry, while orange will be also utilized sparingly and with discretion for trimming purposes. So, altogether, as far as colors are concerned, we should look at our best during the early winter months before our figures in their warm-hued gowns are hidden from view by the loosely flowing Louis capes and cloaks, which are to bring together on the same level of comparative shapelessness the slim and long waisted and the stout and dumpy figures.

A bride's traveling dress was of cornflower blue alpaca, the skirt depended for its smartness simply upon its perfectly hanging fullness, while the bodice was of plaid glace silk in blue, white and tea rose yellow, and had the fullest of basques of the same strikingly pretty fabric, a quaintly shaped vest of the alpaca being let in as a relief. The silk outlined the shoulders as closely as a glove, and then, beneath the scarf-like drapery of darker blue satin, came the drooping puffs of the sleeves, which after warns resolved themselves into a tightly fitting cuff. At the neck there was a plain collar of satin, with a huge, flower like rosette of tulle and pinked out satin at each side, while round the waist went a narrower band of satin, minus the rosettes.

Crowning this altogether charming gown was a hat of coarse, soft blue straw, the brim—which came well down over the prettily curled love-locks—being veiled with blue tulle, which gave it a delightfully soft effect; while for trimming there were rosettes of tulle and high clusters of shaded blue cornflowers and white marguerites, with a great bow of broad bladed grass as a finish.

A very pretty suit is composed of a skirt of green Scotch gingham, a white muslin vest, the centre pleat of which is bedecked with three small pearl studs and bordered with a finely pleated frill edged with mellow tinted valenciennes lace, and the smartest of Eton coat bodices in dark cornflower blue, the square collar and revers being bordered with a fine embroidery of wee shamrock leaves in white and green, and the same dainty trimming acting as a border to the coat and bouffant sleeves. The waist is encircled by a deep band of satin in a more tender shade of green. A notable feature of this very notable gown is the cutting out of the back of the little bodice in a square which reveals the full depth of the satin waist band, the fronts, however, just reaching to the waist line.

The large white hat is trimmed with white tulle and sweet peas.

A dainty fete gown is fashioned of blue crepon and flowered cambric. The godet back of the full skirt flares in large folds and is void of adornment at the foot.

The draped bodice of crepon, which is adorned by a berthe wide at the shoulder, but graduating to the waist, opens over a full blouse of flowered cambric. A large loose knot and end of crepon fastens the bodice at the side in front. The blouse is adorned in the front by a centre box pleat with fine pleatings on each side. Small studs are used to fasten the blouse. The plain collar band is garnished on either side by large choux. The very large gigot sleeves of cambric are finished at the wrist by a fine pleating of the same to correspond with the centre pleat.

The large rice straw hat is caught up in the back and trimmed with white chiffon and blades of grass.

This whole costume may be rendered quite effectively in grass linen, with the blouse of white linon d'Inde.

Pique dresses are made with blouse bodices or small jackets with fluted basques. White mohair is also much in favor, made with a small open jacket of the same or of white cloth, over a chemisette of any color preferred, pink, cream, lilac or red. With these the costume can be varied at pleasure.

There are as many fashions in mourning as in any other department of dress. There is also much more diversity of opinion in the matter of mourning. The favorite materials for deep mourning are vicuna and Henrietta cloth, trimmed with deep bands of crepe; and the dull crepons, trimmed with chiffon and crepe choux.

One gown is fashioned of soft vicuna, the full skirt having five rouleaux of crepe encircling the hem.

The bodice has cascade revers of the cape order, with a full drooping front of chiffon or lisse, and the corsage is fastened with a double row of buttons. The vicuna sleeves are very large, and extend over the hands at the cuffs. Two Paquin points fall over the draped vicuna collar-band. Pleatings of black lisse, with an interwoven satin edge, trim many mourning gowns.

The accompanying hat is of a new shape, made in dull straw, aigrette bows of crepe on either side.

For second mourning, this is a charming gown rendered in black alapaca, with no trimming whatever on the skirt; the cascades on the bodice may be covered with handsome black guipure or Irish lace, the corsage being made in silk, with large jet buttons.

A very stylish toilette for deep mourning is made of Henrietta cloth. The full skirt of the cloth is unadorned. The full drooping bodice is trimmed with an emplecement of dull, handsome guipure, cut in square vandykes on the shoulders and continued to the waist in two moderately wide strips, the crepe drooping between. The draped collar band is of crepe. A small black bow adorns the front of the bodice at the waist. The large gigot sleeves are fitted tightly from the elbow to the wrist, being adorned by a cuff of guipure.

This is an admirable model which admits of the use of many materials, cashmere, summer serge, foulard, grenadine, crepon and voiling, including the mignonette.

Another mourning model is of dull black crepon, trimmed with a deep collar and cuffs of embroidered French crepe. The back and front of the bodice are laid in pleats, having a false centre box pleat, the front pleat being studded with crepe-covered buttons. The large, square collar ends under the box pleats. The collar band is covered with folded crepe. The waist is finished by a round belt. The bishop sleeves are trimmed with a narrow cuff to match the collar.

Quite a stylish cape for mourning is composed of black Sicilienne, trimmed with bands of silk embroidery on French crepe. A band of the embroidery forms a flat applique border at the lower edge, and another is draped to outline a collarette about the shoulders. The long stole ends are covered with bands of the applique, and edged with a flounce of embroidery headed by a ribbon band and choux of ribbon.

A graceful toilette for one just leaving off mourning has a plain skirt of black crepon, deeply crinkled and striped with narrow tucks of white silk, and is lined with black taffeta. The bodice is of black and white plaid silk taffeta, the front being arranged to represent three wide pleats, each folded to show the white part of the plaid. The back of the bodice is in one broad double box pleat, tapering as it reaches the waist. A narrow twist of black satin ribbon finishes the neck and belt. The gigot sleeves are of moderate size.

A stylish gown for a lady in slight mourning has a blouse in a pretty lavender tint of alapaca, with a curious pattern in lavender silk, composed of irregular interlaced lines, some of them straight and other zigzag. The bodice is very full, back and front, and is finished by a collar-band and belt of black satin, with bows at the back.

The wide skirt is of black grenadine, devoid of adornment and lined throughout with taffeta silk.

The black flat-brimmed hat worn with this costume is trimmed with black chiffon and osprey, and choux of white net.

A wide-brimmed hat for mourning is covered smoothly inside and out with crepe, and is trimmed with a spreading crepe bow on the front and two choux at the back.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Egg Tartlets.—Mince and fry together equal quantities of parsley, shallot, and mushrooms, then stir into them some hard-boiled eggs cut into dice season it all with salt and white pepper, and stir it all into enough good white sauce to bring it to the consistency of croquette or rissole farce. Have ready some patty pans lined with any trimmings of puff paste rolled out thin, put a good portion of the mince in each, wet the edges of the paste with a little beaten egg, lay a round of the paste on each to cover it, pressing the edges close together, brush the tops of the tablets with beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven.

French Nougat.—Ten ounces of almonds, ten ounces of pistachio nuts, half-pound of sugar, half pound of honey, a wineglass of orange-flower water, the whites of three eggs, wafer paper. Put the sugar in a clean pan, and when melted and boiling, add the orange-flower water, pistachio nuts and almonds blanched and honey; let it boil till a place taken out and dipped in cold water will break, take it off the fire and pour into it the whites of the eggs well whisked, stir until it becomes a thick paste, spread it on a sheet of wafer paper, lay a sheet of clean paper over, and press under a weight. When quite cold, cut into pieces, and keep in a tin.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up two good sized chickens as for fricasseeing, and roll the pieces in flour. Melt a large tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; slice two onions, and brown them in the butter, then put the chicken in and fry it a light brown; after this add a few slices of ham, some salt and pepper, and cover with water; let all boil gently for three hours. If the water has boiled very low add a quart from the teakettle, then add the oysters, and skimmer and carefully remove all the chicken and oysters. Put in two dozen fresh gumbo pods, cut in inch pieces and let the soup boil half an hour longer and serve. If you use the canned okra put in a whole can. If you want the soup thick add two tablespoonfuls of flour, previously mixed with cold water. If not, serve clear. Tomatoes added to this soup will give it a fine flavor.

Transparent Soap.—Slice six pounds nice yellow bar-soap into shavings; put into a brass, tin or copper kettle, with alcohol, half gallon; heating gradually over a slow fire, stirring till all is dissolved; then add one ounce sassafras essence, and stir until all is mixed, now pour into pans about one and a half inches deep, and when cold cut into square bars the length or width of the pan, as desired.

Cream of Oysters.—Put two quarts of oysters and their juice in an agate stew pan and stand on a slow fire. When the scum begins to rise skim every fleck off carefully with a silver spoon. When the oysters have boiled half a minute pour them into a sieve and press them through with a potato masher, keeping them moist with the liquor, so that they go through easily. In another stew pan put a quart of milk, adding two blades of mace. Stand it on the stove where it will heat gradually. Braid two tablespoonfuls of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour together in another stew pan; when it is of the consistency of cream, stand it on the stove and gradually stir the heated milk in the braided butter and flour. Next stir the oyster pulp in very gradually, season with salt and white pepper, let it boil one minute, and serve in a tureen which has been rubbed round the inside with half a clove of garlic. This gives the soup a delicious flavor.

German Apple Cake.—Work very well with the hands half a pound of fresh butter and pound of flour. When well mixed, add four ounces of sugar, one ounce of mixed sweet spice, and the yolks of two eggs. When well kneaded, cut the paste in two, line the bottom of a round cake-pan with one half of the paste. Stew some apples with sugar and a few dried currents, and, when the apples are cold, put them all over the cake. Roll out the other half of the cake, and cover the apples with it. Bake for half an hour, and let it stand till cold before taking it out of the pan. Ice it all over the top, and ornament it on the top; then return it to the oven to make it crisp.

To Clean Old Black Silk.—Grate two potatoes into a quart of water; let it stand to settle, and then drain it off clear. Lay a breadth of the silk—from which you have wiped off all the dust with a flannel rag—outside upward on a clean cloth spread over an ironing blanket. Sponge it across the breadth well; fold it up, taking care to keep the wetted side upward. Do all the breadths, laying them each aside; then iron them with a hot iron, having a thin piece of linen, or an old handkerchief, spread over the silk under the iron; this will prevent the silk from shining. Chloroform will cleanse the finest silks, and remove spots without injury to the fabric.

To Mend Crockery.—Four pounds of white glue, one and a half pounds dry white lead, one half pound isinglass, one gallon soft water, one quart alcohol, one-half pint white varnish; dissolve the glue and isinglass in the water by gentle heat if preferred; stir in the lead, put the alcohol in the varnish, and mix the whole together.

THE truest help one can render to a saddened man is not to take his burden from him, but to call his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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SUMMER COMPLAINTS

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bottled digestion, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness.
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Hubert Howe Bancroft's magnificent "Book of the Fair" has reached the twelfth number with the current issue. As a substitute in its splendid pictures and comprehensive text for an actual visit to the great Exposition at Chicago, it thoroughly fills the requirements. Price $1.00 per number; published at Chicago.

"The Century" for September is more than usually interesting. Among the contents are "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," "September in the Laurentian Hills," "Hunting Customs of the Omahas," "The Moon Flower," "The National Military Park," "The Ballad of Chickamauga," "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire," "Aquatic Gardening," "All My Sad Captains," "The Constitution's Last Fight," "Recollections of Henry Clay," etc. There are also the usual departments. The number is elegantly illustrated. Published in New York.

In the "Popular Science Monthly" for September, ex-President Andrew Dickson White reviews "The Closing Struggle" of the theologians and the higher criticism. Other valuable papers are "Professional Institutions," "Apparatus for Extinguishing Fires," "Trades and Faces," "Material of Morality in Childhood," "Natural Rain-Makers," "Variation in the Habits of Animals," "The Study of Birds Out-of Doors," "Ancestor-Worship Among the Fijians," and "Fruit as a Food and Medicine." The articles in the editor's table are on the Prospects of Socialism and Sham Education. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Boys and girls will find in September's "St. Nicholas" much that will supplement pleasantly the lessons learned in the classrooms. Its list of good things embraces "The Ship of the Plains," "Hero Tales from American History," "Remember the Alamo," "An Onteora Visitor," "Our Moose, Elk and Deer," "Twelve Dollars for One," "Antwerp and 'Old Antwerp,'" "A Real Air-Castle," "A Boy of the First Empire," "A Battle on Wheels," "The Dragon Fly's Ball," etc. Published in New York.

AT THE HORSE'S EXPENSE.

It is a curious reflection that although the horse is himself the noblest of animals, he has a vastly demoralizing influence over great numbers of people who come in contact with him.

The writer has heard an old dealer tell of the piles of gold he had made in buying and selling the animal, and yet at the same time implore with tears in his eyes the young fellows amongst his hearers to shun the business as they would a plague. His very success and the company it led him into proved his ruin, and he eventually died in the workhouse.

Amongst those who often become tainted with the moral canker of horseflesh are ostlers and landlords of small country inns. They are sometimes guilty of cheating the owners of horses by methods which entail suffering and great hardship to the poor animals. The writer has seen the best looking hay in the world thrust into the rack before his horse, which had traveled a long distance, and on paying a visit of suspicious inspection to the stable a few minutes afterwards has found the poor beast hanging his head and resting his hind legs without having molested a straw. That fodder was as safe as if it had been behind a sheet of plate glass.

The secret of the thing lay in the fact that the hay was put before hungry horses by day, and formed a bed for numerous cats on the loft above by night, and horses won't look at food upon which members of the feline trite have played too much. Of course for casual callers, many of whom are very careless about the welfare of their animals, it no doubt answered the ostler's purpose admirably, as hay was very dear that spring and the supply had all to be bought for that particular public house.

A farmer having occasion to visit a north-country inn noticed an unusually large number of fowls in the yard at the back of the house. As soon as the stable door was opened for the admission of his horse in rushed a mob of birds pell mell. This circumstance aroused his curiosity, and instead of straightway entering the hostelry to order his dinner he made some excuse to stay by until the innkeeper had supplied the usual pail of water and armful of hay. Mine host was somewhat reluctant about the feed of corn which had been asked for. First of all he couldn't find the key to the padlock which secured the corn-bin lid, then the scoop was missing, and when he had finally exhausted his excuses for delay the fowls were driven from the stable with a good deal of assumed rage over their instrusion, and the feed of corn placed before the pony.

All these movements changed the traveler's curiosity to suspicion, and he determined to stay and learn, if possible, the secret underlying them.

His patience was soon rewarded, for his eye caught the corn trickling grain by grain from the bottom of the manger, and on walking up to examine that receptacle found that it was perforated with holes through which the traveler's tired horse's corn dropped to feed the landlord's fowls.

That innkeeper had, as they say in the north, "his pedigree telled for nowt," and the farmer went his way in search of honest quarters.

Many travelers and dealers, unsuspicious of the petty fraud practiced by ostlers, will, after dismounting or seeing their horses out of harness, rush off to refresh their inner selves without over much thought for their poor beasts, who have to take the road again sometimes without even having smelt the oats for which their owners pay.

Not so a keen old dealer known to the writer. He suspected a certain wayside innkeeper, and resorted to a very ingenious method of putting his integrity to the test.

Whilst pretending to adjust the halter he secretly made several crosses at the bottom of the manger with a piece of chalk, and straightway went inside the inn to his dinner. He made a hearty meal, accompanied it with the best liquor in the house, treated mine host, but paid for nothing until he went out to mount his mare. He inquired whether she had had her feed of corn, and he was insured she had enjoyed it much. Making some excuse to put the bridle on himself, he peeped inside the manger, and there was each chalk mark still quite distinct.

A hungry horse cleans every single grain of corn up, and had the dealer's mare had what he ordered for her the marks would have been quite rubbed out by the action of her moist lips.

The dishonest innkeeper, needless to say, received a sound lecturing, and allowed the dealer to go his way without paying the score on giving a promise not to expose the cruel fraud.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE.—One night in 1801 a little girl about one year old was deposited in the drawer of the Foundling Hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery, and a note attached to her skirts told that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father.

The claim was never made however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum, to be educated there. As she grew up she developed a most extraordinary beauty; but her intellect appeared to be very weak, and she suffered from frequent nervous fits.

When she was twelve years old, she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and her modesty attracted many people's goodwill; but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last she died, or at least it was thought so.

According to French custom, she was buried in an open basket, and, as it was winter and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave only covered with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke, and, pushing the sand away, crept out from the grave.

Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not so very much frightened; but, in crossing the glacis between the cemetery and the fortifications, she was suddenly stopped by the cry "Qui vive?" and, as she did not answer, the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground.

Brought into the guard-house, her wound was found to be very slight, and she soon recovered. But her singular history and also her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison—Kramer—that he determined to be her protector, and sent her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris.

During the next few years Kramer was much tossed about by the war; but, when, in 1818 he returned to Paris, he found Solange a full grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no more trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her, and for several years the couple lived happily in Paris.

Meanwhile investigations were made concerning the girl left in 1801 in the Foundling Hospital at Brest; and, as these investigations were made by the Swedish Ambassador and in a somewhat official manner, they attracted some attention.

Captain Kramer heard about the affair and sent a note to the Ambassador; and a month later on the Ambassador came in state to bring Madame Kramer a formal acknowledgment from her father, the former Marshal Bernadotte, afterwards King Charles XIV. of Sweden. Captain Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm and were ennobled. Their son some time ago was appointed attache to the Swedish Legation at Paris.

HOUSEFLIES.—The common housefly, when it alights, after soaring about a room for some little time, may be seen going through a series of operations which remind one of a cat licking herself after a meal; or of a bird pluming its feathers.

First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the forelegs undergo a like treatment; and, lastly, if the observer looks sharp, he will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far he can reach.

The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two lobes, which can be seen spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar.

This carefully going over the body with the trunk Mr. Emerson, an English chemist, asserts is to remove the animalcules which the quick motion of the flies have gathered on their bodies in their gyrations through the air.

In dirty and bad smelling quarters he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed-rooms or well ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey.

HOW TO SETTLE A QUARREL.—There is a comical story, relates a con'emporary, told of two Americans who settled a quarrel in a fashion which would have made the hair of a Parisian fencing master bristle with horror, but which nevertheless had an inspiration of common sense in it.

They were both in love with the same lady, and it became necessary to their feeling that they should fight for possession of her. One of the two must clearly be put out of the way.

Yet why should they kill each other? They bore each other no malice; each would be glad that the other should speed with some other fair one; they only insisted upon being left in sole possession of the lady in dispute. The question resolved itself to a simple issue—which was the better shot?

And they determined to settle this question by shooting, not at each other, but at a tree. The tree was shot at; the inferior marksman perforce admitted that he would have been annihilated by his rival and agreed to vanish, not by giving up the ghost, but by leaving the country.

Here were all the results of a duel obtained without its mock heroics, and without more tragedy than belongs to all renunciation.

IN A BAD PLIGHT.—When Elihu B Washburn was Minister to France, there was a court dinner given at the Palace of the Tuileries one night by the Emperor Napoleon III. It was the custom at these dinners when the Empress arose to retire with the ladies for the gentlemen to rise from their seats and step back, so that the ladies should pass down the line between them and the table. By this all could avoid turning their backs upon the Empress. Mr. Washburn had tender feet. During the dinner they had given him a great deal of annoyance, and to ease himself he had slipped off his pumps-leather pumps. He was absorbed in conversation at the close of the dinner and was caught unawares when the Empress made the signal for departure. Minister Washburn was obliged to step back without his pumps. There he stood in his stocking feet, grave, dignified and self-possessed in the row of grinning diplomats to his right and left. He betrayed none of the embarrassment he must have felt, and was never heard to allude to the incident.

THE VATICAN AND ITS TREASURES.—The Papal palace is a collection of buildings, and covers a space of 1,117 by 767 feet. The palace is one of the most magnificent in the world, while behind the buildings are extensive gardens.

The palace has grown by degrees, and to this fact is due its lack of architectural beauty. There are 200 staircases in the buildings, 20 courts and 4,422 rooms. The picture gallery contains the greatest treasures in the world of art, while the library contains 105,000 volumes and the manuscript collection is the most valuable in the world, though not the largest.

The palace contains the famous Sistine and Pauline Chapels. The former contains Michael Angelo's first masterpiece in painting, his "Last Judgment," together with frescoes of other famous artists, while the latter preserves Michael Angelo's frescoes of the "Conversion of St. Paul" and "Crucifixion of St. Peter."

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gortier writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gortier has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTIER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in the wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that :: :: ::

It's the Simple Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Car Brake," etc.

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Humorous.

THE LITTLE RING.

Mary had a little ring,
  Twas given by her beau,
And every where that Mary went
  That ring was sure to go.

She took the ring with her one day
  Off to the seashore, where
She might display it to the girls,
  Who were all clustered there.

And when the girls all saw that ring
  They made a great ado,
Exclaiming with one voice, "Has it
  Just got around to you?"

—Truth.

Minor events—Births.

Subjects of interest—Millionaires.

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What is that which has many leaves and no stem?—A book.

Question for actors—Can a man be said to work when he plays?

Tom: "Did you ever do any deep sea fishing?" Emily: "Well; I became engaged on an ocean steamer."

A Vermonter advertises "unprecedented, unparalleled, unapproachable, unadulterated confectionery."

"Say, mamma, why is it papa always speaks of money as the 'cold cash?'" "I guess because it gives him a chill to part with it."

Lady-lodger: Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night.

Male lodger: Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that; he might play the piano all day.

"I declare," exclaimed Brown, "I believe I have forgotten all I ever knew!"

"Sorry to hear it," remarked Jones. "However, you can take an hour some day and learn it all over again."

Working Bee: A fellow came around here hunting for our nest to day.

Queen Bee: What did you do?

Working Bee: Those of us who happened to be around at the time gave him a few points.

"Marriar, I want ter tell yer one thing, I kinnever marry a gal what chews gum!"

"Well, why don't yer give up yer horrid cigarroots?"

"With us men it's different; we needs a stimulant!"

Two deacons were once disputing about a proposed new graveyard, when one remarked, "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!" "What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared I will."

A little boy was taken down the harbor by his father, and saw for the first time a large steamer towed by a puffing little tug, with an immense hawser connecting the two. "Oh, papa, papa!" he shouted in excitement, "see! The big boat has the little one by the tail, and he's a squealing!"

A Kentucky editor, being challenged by a county treasurer for calling him "the red-headed malignant mule who dissipates the county money," produced his manuscript and showed that he wrote "the big hearted, valiant soul who dispenses the county money." The treasurer withdrew the challenge and substituted an invitation to an oyster supper instead.

Captain, to belated passenger who has suddenly appeared on the deck of the abandoned ship: "Jump, man; jump quick! Don't you see she's going down?"

Passenger: "Is my wife saved?"

Captain: "Yes."

Passenger: "Well, so long. I can't spend the rest of my life explaining why I let her take this steamer."

Tommy, whose father is a clothier: "Mamma, did God make the world?"

"Yes, dear."

"And everything there is in it?"

"Yes, darling."

"And did he make me?"

"Yes, Tommy; but do stop asking so many questions. Why do you do it?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only just wondering whether I was ready made or made to order."

"Lor', missus," said an old darkey, "what mek you pay money fur to send the chile to school? I got one smart boy, Jonas, but I larns him myself."

"But, aunt Charlotte," replied the lady, "how can you teach the child when you don't know one letter from another?"

"How I teach him?" said the old woman. "I jis mek him tek de book an' set down on de flo', and den I say, 'Jonas, you tek ye eye from dat book,' much less leggo him, an' I skins you alive!"

The schoolmistress was showing off her pupils to some visiting friends. She had been over the same ground a day or two before, and thought she could trust them to do her credit.

"Who knows what useful article is furnished by the elephant?" she asked.

"Ivory," was the reply of three boys at once.

"Very good. And now what do we get from the whale?"

"Whalebone."

"And what from the seal?"

"Sealing wax," answered Peter Sand, whose inventiveness was better than his memory.

Testing Her Innocence.—A poor pale Paris seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day and stole three gold coins of ten francs each.

The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you."

Nevertheless she was taken to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent to the police-court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and, when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied, "The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The Court could not believe this story. The judge upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. He besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige him to sentence her to a much severer punishment than he was disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to the original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the Court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded.

To relieve his embarrassment the judge proposed a renewal of the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

The Emperor Ducked.—Dr. W. Clark Robinson, of Edinburgh, one of the fellow students of the present Emperor of Germany at Bonn, has been telling the people of Cleveland, Ohio, some anecdotes of that impatient ruler. Speaking of his first sight of the Emperor, he said:

"It was in the fall of 1878 when I first met the Emperor. He was then a student at Bonn. I shall never forget the amusing spectacle he presented. You know it is the custom of the students at Bonn to take a daily plunge in the waters of the Rhine. For the new men this is a trying ordeal. When they go down to the Rhine to take their first swim they are repeatedly ducked by the older students until they cry for mercy.

"Every one was on the lookout for the Prince's initial appearance, and when he ventured into the river he was ducked unmercifully. But William would never give up. Down and down again went the future Emperor's head, but he pluckily refused to give up. Finally, when he had reached the verge of total collapse, he was pulled out of the water, looking more like a drowned rat than a live man. It took us nearly 20 minutes to bring around Germany's future ruler."

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THE Monarch
King of Bicycles.

LIGHT, STRONG, SPEEDY, HANDSOME.

FINEST MATERIAL. SCIENTIFIC WORKMANSHIP.

Four Models—$85 and $100.

EVERY MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SEND 2-CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

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BRANCHES:—New York, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Memphis, Detroit, Toronto.

EMIL WERNER, Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after June 28, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp., Sleeping Cars. } daily 9.00 a m / daily 6.33 p m / daily 9.45 p m

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 5.58, 8.10, 9.10, 10.14, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.14 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 7.45, 8.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.00, 8.50, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.20, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 12.05 p m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.40, 11.35 a m, 6 04 p m.

For Reading express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.40, 11.35 a m, 6.04 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10 45 a m, (Saturdays only) 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 5.45, 6.00, 4.70, 5.00, 6.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 3.00 a m, 4.45 p m $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, Express, (Mondays only, 6.45) 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.30, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.45, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.10 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 9.15 a m (Saturdays only 1.00), 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 809 S. Third street, 2062 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

Good Wives grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.